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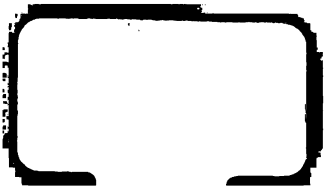

(5)

Presented To
Edwin Wm Watkins
On his Birth day [illegible] of
Sept. By his Mother
Maria L. Watkins

The Wild Brier.

1872

Was Married To
Miss Emma [illegible] Powe
on my birth day
Sept 28th 1862
By Rev Mr Bottome
at 7th Street Bet 2d [illegible]
New York

THE

Wild Brier:

OR.

LAYS BY AN UNTAUGHT MINSTREL

E. N. L.

The Poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

Dark-browed sophist, come not anear;
All the place is holy ground;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.

TENNYSON.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
GEO. BREMNER, "EXCELSIOR PRINTING OFFICE,"
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CONTENTS.

DEDICATION v
PREFACE vii
THE WILD BRIER 1
GEORGE AND AMANDA 2
AMANDA'S LAMENT 62
THEY ARE GONE:—
Departure of Rev. J. Geddie . 64
On the death of Janie and Mary Sophia Geddie 66
On the death of Mr. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Matheson 68
On the death of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon 71
THE "DAYSPRING" 74
ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE "DAYSPRING" . . 76
LINES ADDRESSED TO REV. J. GEDDIE AND LADY 78
LINES ADDRESSED TO REV. J. CAMERON 80
LINES ADDRESSED TO REV. ISAAC MURRAY 85
AN ECHO 86
TO MY JUVENILE FRIENDS 95
THE NEW JERUSALEM 103
TO MY BROTHER 108
LINES ON WITNESSING THE RITE OF BAPTISM . . . 110
THE SUPPER 113
THE BURIAL GROUND 114
TO MISS M——. 115
TO A FALSE FRIEND 118

TO A TRUE FRIEND 125
TO ROXANA 126
A HAPPY NEW YEAR 128
FAREWELL 131
AUTUMN 133
FLORENCE 135
TO MRS. W. W. IRVING 160
THE UNION PIC NIC 166
ON THE DEATH OF CAPT. HAYDEN AND HIS TWO CHILDREN 169
DO RIGHT 170
A TOUCHING INCIDENT 182
STANZAS 184
TO ANTOINETTE 187
LITTLE HEBER 188
WELCOME, PRINCE OF WALES 190
A RECITATION 192
A CONTINUATION 195

DEDICATION.

To Mrs. Dundas,

MADAM:

It is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that, by your kind permission, I dedicate to you this little volume,—my first essay in the great world of letters. I thank you sincerely for the liberal patronage which you have so generously extended to me; and feel assured that the noble spirit of benevolence which has ever characterized you in the occupation of your present exalted position, will induce you to dwell more upon any passages in the work, which may meet your approbation, than upon such as may prove to be less in accordance with your taste.

I humbly beg leave to congratulate you and His Excellency upon your safe return to our

beautiful Island, again to exercise over us your gentle sway, as the faithful representatives of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. May it be your province, for years to come, happily to watch over our temporal interests; and, when the onerous duties and responsibilities of life are over, may death, to you, be robbed of all his terrors; and may your eyes gently close in peaceful slumber, to open upon the refulgent splendor of that celestial palace, the radiant centre of which is the throne of God.

I have the honor to be,
Madam,
with the most sincere gratitude,
and the highest respect,
your humble and faithful servant,
E. N. L.

PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the public, I feel in duty bound to say a few words to my numerous friends and patrons. In the first place, I would tender my sincere thanks for the liberal patronage I have received; and towards the Citizens of Halifax especially, I must ever cherish feelings of the warmest gratitude for the very courteous, and in many instances, *cordial* reception, which they have given me.

In the second place, it is due to myself to observe that the contents of "THE WILD BRIER" were not written with a view to publication, but simply to gratify an inherent love of poesy, and because, in my devotion to it, my spirit, ofttimes burdened with heavier tasks, ever found a soothing and invigorating relief.

To my esteemed friends, the critics, I would remark, that these writings are but the thoughts

of an inexperienced country girl, who, at the time the book was written, had never seen a mountain, or any more sublime scenery than the corn-fields of Prince Edward Island, and the rolling billows of "the blue St. Lawrence," that surround them.

I may also state, that only through the urgent solicitations of many personal friends have I been induced to appear before the public, in print. I, therefore, cast this little collection of scattered thoughts on the stream of time with a very faint and humble hope that it may be deemed by, at least, some of those in whose hands it may be placed, as not entirely the fruits of misspent leisure. And if *one* sad heart beat the lighter for it, or *one* lone hour be beguiled by its perusal, or *one* kindred spirit, drinking at the same fountain with its author, bid her "God speed," I will be satisfied, and feel that the feeble effort is amply repaid. But, should one little lamb of the fold be strengthened or encouraged in well doing, it will enjoy the blessed assurance that my "labor has not been in vain in the Lord."

The lines written for Mrs. Hayden were, by her special request, descriptive of the scene which brought us into contact, and were intended by her to be a little memento by which her two children should remember their visit to Nova Scotia. But, alas! how uncertain is life! The lines were written accordingly, but, before they were sent to their destination, the warm, tender, enthusiastic heart of that estimable woman was torn by the deepest anguish. The stern hand of death was placed on her youngest child, and, in a few hours, he was free from mortal strife. The blow fell heavily on both parents; but, the remains of the beloved boy were scarcely committed to the grave, when the fatal malady seized on the tender frame of his little sister, and speedily carried her gentle form into the silent land of dreamless slumber. This second bereavement proved too much for the devoted father; congestion of the brain immediately followed, and, after a brief period of intense agony, the heart, that, for love of his children, had so often cheerfully met the rude tempest, and encountered the wild shock of the

hurricane, on being called to lay them with the dead, ceased to beat; and the loving wife, bereft of husband and children at one blow, was left a lonely inmate of the ship, on a foreign shore, a prey to the most heart-rending sorrow!

I trust that the reverend gentlemen, whose names I have, without consulting them, taken the liberty of publishing, will pardon me; as I have done so with a feeling that I must, to the close of my life, look back with delight upon their memories. One will ever occupy a pleasant place in my recollection, on account of the impression made on my mind, at a very early age, by the touching and earnest address spoken by him to a band of little children, in their school room, twenty years ago. Another, I shall ever venerate for the noble example of self-sacrificing missionary enterprise which he has set before the world; and, to a third, I shall ever feel grateful for one of the most soothing, and beautiful discourses to which it has ever been my privilege to listen.

E. N. L.

THE WILD BRIER.

The fragrant blushing brier,
A modest wildling, grows
Beside the glassy river,
Where sunbeams seek repose,

And gives its grateful fragrance
To every passer by,
Its beauteous tints unfolding
To glad the weary eye.

So may this little casket
Of crude, untutor'd thought,
Like wild flower on the wayside,
By weary pilgrim sought,

Refresh the way-worn spirit
Along life's thorny road;
And point each youthful trav'ler
To virtue's sweet abode.

GEORGE AND AMANDA.

A Sketch from real life.

Ye who have never drunk of sorrow's cup,
Nor felt the sting that disappointment brings,
Nor bow'd in meek submission to the voice
That bade you lay your lov'd ones in the dust,
Nor uttered the loud wail as ye consigned
Them to the cold, dark, mouldering clay from whence
They came; we ask you now to come around
Us, and, a listening circle, sit, and hear
A tale of fair Prince Edward Isle; a tale
By one who dwelt hard by its sea-beat strand,
And watched its ceaseless waters rippling glide,
And play, and dance beneath the early beams,
Meridian heat, and soft declining rays
Of heaven's all glorious orb; and rise in bright
And curling little eddies up, and leap
Upon the sparkling pebbles as they lay
All interspersed with pearls, ruby, amber,
And divers colored stones, and curious shells,
And seaweeds most minutely delicate;
Or chase each other up the golden beach,
Then back receding, hurry down, and rush
In gurgling haste to mingle once again
In ocean's placid depths.

But ah, I fear if only ye who ne'er
Have known pale grief, nor once in heart
Pierced by the thousand poisoned stings of care,
Anxiety, remorse, or drear suspense,
Or fear, or blighted hope, or faithless friend,
Or rankling foe, have known what suffering is—
I greatly fear our audience circle needs
Must be but small; for who are they, ah who
Of Adam's fallen race who long have dwelt
On this terrestrial sphere and felt no pain?
Then come ye, too, who by hard trials pressed
On all sides round, found no escape, but yet
Resigned have raised your streaming eyes to heaven,
And said it was a Father's hand that dealt
The blow,—and kissed the rod, and said that it
Was good to be afflicted thus; and felt
The heart made better by it.
And come ye, too, ye who have been bereaved,
Have agonized, and writhed beneath the blow,
And asked, why am I thus severely dealt
By? What have I done to call down this blow?
And felt the swollen heart beat hard against
The heaving breast, and clenched the quivering hand,
And stamped the proud rebellious foot, and cried,
"I will not be resigned! I cannot give
Them up!"

Ah come, and sit ye gently down upon
The fresh green earth, among the cool young leaves,
Beneath their quiet shade, and listen to
Their wispering voices as they murmur, "Peace,
Be still." And let us pour the oil and wine
Of consolation on your smarting wounds,
And soothe your aching, bursting hearts;
For lo! in Gilead there is balm—a balm
For every wound, and a Physician there,
Mighty to save, waiting to heal you, and
Impart a peace of which the cold, false world
Knoweth not.

Then lend a sympathizing ear, and for
A moment brief forget your own dark hours,
And listen to a wail for others' woe.

Close by the margin of the breezy coast,
Where sometimes breezes grow to gales, and gales
To howling, devastating tempests turn—
There dwelt a youth of bearing bold and high,
Of aspect noble, and whose countenance
Bespoke high aspiration, lofty thought,
And purpose resolute.

The home of George was by the Sea, and well
He loved its roar; and his delight, while yet
A lad, was, like the youthful Byron, on
Its breast to be. This all-inspiring thought

Grew with his growth and strengthened with his
strength,
And of his nature seemed a part. And friends
Advised, persuaded, counseled, and anon
Suggested other plans, but all in vain.
And when the conscious dignity of manhood
Graced his brow, a captain bold was he,
Of dauntless heart, and noble step and mien.
Not many leagues adown the gravelled coast,
By shivering aspens half concealed from view,
A snow-white cottage stood. Without, and all
Around it lay a landscape calm and bright,
And peaceful as the heart could wish, withal
So sweetly quiet that the charmed eye
Scarce from it had the power to turn away.
Within, were all the comforts of a sweet
Sequestered home, and all the neat and well
Arranged diversity of ornament
Which taste refined suggests, adopts, and keeps
In nicest order.

And this secluded seaside home was one
In which the social virtues reigned; and the
Chief care of those who dwelt beneath its roof
Was to enhance each other's joys, and make
Life's burden lighter.

And there was one who graced that household band,
A maiden bright and fair, whose soul drank deep
Of nature's purest sweets, of heaven's own clear
Celestial streams. And thither oft the youth
Repaired, and they sweet counsel took, and oft
Communed about the spirit-land—about
The stars that light the firmament on high,
And all the mystic wonders of the great
World of scientific lore; and oft indulged
In speculations about things of deep
And dark mysteriousness.

And thus their spirits sympathized, and to
Each other clung, and, in communion close,
At the same fountain drank.
Thus passed away their youthful days; and when
Stern duty called him from his native shore,
To dare the dangers of the boisterous deep,
A heart unspotted from the world, unstained
By crime, and true in its devotion deep,
He rendered up to her, and poured into
Her willing ear a tale of his heartfelt,
Untarnished and unchanging truth.
And as he cast one lingering look on that
Fair form, and gazed on all around, and felt
That look might be his last, and then in haste
On board his goodly bark repaired, his heart

To strains of tenderest passion moved, and thus
He sang,—

"I go to the deep, but my spirit shall keep
Each night a lone vigil by thee;
And 'twill hallow my sleep on the billowy deep
To know thou art thinking of me.

A soul from its birth by the dross of the earth
Unalloyed and untarnished is thine;
And the praises called forth by thy genuine worth
Have made thee seem almost divine.

And a rapture untold, that I would not control
Does thy spirit, Amanda, inspire,
As it comes from its goal, and steals over my soul,
And wakes the sweet chords of my lyre.

Then rest thou in peace, and my spirit shall cease
Like the sparrow alone to complain,
Until fair winds release my proud bark from the seas
And I haste to thy cottage again."

And o'er the sea his bounding bark rode on,
And well contending with the winds and waves
A prosperous voyage made; for skilfully
Her noble master ruled. And soon secure,

And safely moored within the haven he
Desired, his good ship lay. And when in port
Though business pressed, and merchants talked about
Their goods, and beauteous maidens smiled
And glided in and out, with fairy steps,
No power had they his heart to charm from his
Affianced; for his thoughts were all of home,
And her who like a guardian angel seemed;
Who, when temptation's blandishments were spread,
Would like a seraph stand with meek white hand
To heaven raised, and seem to say,—"This is
The way, walk thou in it."
And she by sighing pines and wailing brooks
Oft strayed, and of the wild flag and the fern
And velvet moss companions made, and in
Her heart thus spoke to him,—

"I've wandered oft through sylvan bowers,
Where nature's flowerets blossom,
But oh their sweetness only brought
A sadness to my bosom.

And I have stood beneath the moon
Where snow-white roses grew;
And while I plucked the dewy flowers
I sadly thought of you.

But when we sailed in summer's prime
Adown the rolling river,
Each leaflet wore a charm for me—
A purer joy was never.

A beauty o'er the scene was cast
That stole my heart away;
And lightly did our little boat
Leap o'er the brine that day.

And calm and bright were Sol's glad beams
On wave and wood reposing,
On hill and dale, on marsh and vale,
Their quiet tints disclosing.

You told me there was none on earth
You could compare with me;
And I my word of honor passed
That I your bride would be.

If your sweet home should e'er be mine,
And you be on the waters,
No heart more true will e'er be found
'Mong earth's devoted daughters.

Seclusion sweet would then be mine,
Far from the world's frown;
My life, my all I'd spend for thee,
Nor call my life my own.

To soothe your cares would be my joy,
To scatter flowers around you;
I'd plant the rose beside your door,
No thorn should ever wound you.

And well I know where'er thou art,
Upon the treacherous sea,
Thy noble heart its faith will keep,
And still remember me.

And nought on earth shall e'er divide
The golden chain asunder,
The chain that binds two constant hearts
With ties so warm and tender.

And when by duty called away
Far o'er the boundless sea,
My anxious prayer should rise to heaven
Till you return to me.

A smile would bid thee welcome home,
With joy would I address thee;
And most of all would soothing be,
Should care or sorrow press thee.

But oh if thou should'st ne'er return,
What heart has felt the pain?
My soul would sink 'neath sorrow's wave,
And never rise again.

The earth would be my resting place,
The clods a welcome pillow;
Then I my own true love would find
Beyond the raging billow.

But heaven restrain the rising seas,
And guide thee safely then:
For if thy smile were not for me,
I ne'er could smile again"

And in due time, by favoring gales brought back,
The stately ship at anchor rode, and George
Once more his native home revisited.
And pleasant were his tales of foreign lands,
And round him gathered the companions of
His youth, and hearty welcome gave; and much

Admired his specimens of coral bright,
And shells most rare; and many questions asked;
And with deep interest curious facts discussed,
And rites and customs strange of lands remote
Talked over. And to all who heard him he
A pleasing interest had; but most of all
Amanda with him sympathized. She in
His joy rejoiced, in his prosperity
Was glad, and in his presence blest.

But short his intercourse with friends: and soon
Again upon the mighty deep, with all
Her snow-white canvas spread to catch the gale
The "Sea-gull" sped amain, and like a thing
Of life, at morn, swept o'er the dimpled tide.

At noon in glassy whiteness lay the sea,
And like a still unbroken mirror seemed.
Each sail was on its bosom shadowed, and
A stillness most profound pervaded all.
And round the Island coast were interspersed
Full many a hundred sail of tall and well
Constucted crafts, that, day by day, with hook
And line, the treasures of the deep drew forth;
And many a goodly freight they brought from thence,
To southern markets, and thereby themselves
Enriched.

At morn a light and gentle breeze, that just
Had power to waft them from their havens out
Upon the unruffled deep, their ample sails
In softly breathing zephyrs caught; and soon
Adown the broad St. Lawrence, scattered far
And wide, a splendid fleet beneath the sun
In gorgeous whiteness lay. And many hands
In eager haste the lines drew up, and shoals
Of glistening natives of the element
In which they sported, gamboled round; and 'twas
Pronounced by all a very prosperous day.
And as the sun declined no breath came o'er
The crystal sea. The glorious western sky
No sign betrayed of ought save placid calm.
Nor moved the fleet, but as the orb of day
The still horizon neared, their work, in haste
Pursued. Scarce had he dipped behind the sea
When o'er its glassy surface broad, a swell
Began to rise. An awful stillness hung
O'er all around: no leaflet stirred: no sound
Was uttered save the sea-bird's wailing scream,
While to her covert in the rocks she fled.
And as the dim and darkening shades of night
Closed in, the swell, like to an army fast
Advancing on the foe, rolled o'er the deep,
And roused it from its calm serenity.

And soon a pall of blackness overspread
The sky, and the faint star that glimmered
In the east, extinguished like a lamp, exchanged
Its feeble light for a thick canopy of
Densest cloud. Appalled, the stricken mariner
The awful change beheld. And all were in
Commotion now, and preparation made
To run into the nearest port whene'er
The wind arose. Not long this stillness reigned,
For o'er the dismal gulf the black squall came,
And struck, with sudden crash, the noble fleet.
And higher, higher, higher still arose
The howling blast, and raging, lashed to foam
The angry surges of the furious deep.
The seaman, pale with consternation, heard
The gale shriek through the cordage of his bark
That reeling o'er the billowing waters ran,
And saw her canvas flit to ribbons on
The blast. And all night long the dashing rain
In torrents poured, and gave the scene a still
More dismal aspect.
Some boldly stood to sea, and vainly hoped
To leave the dreadful storm behind, but found
That it more fiercely broke on all sides round,—
And creaking, crashing, foundered far at sea.
Some sought to gain the sheltering ports, but failed,

And on the rocks were driven, and there, with all
Their complement of men, to death went down!
Some gained the harbors, and were stranded there—
Some in the surging deep cast anchor, but
Not long survived; soon o'er their hapless heads
The fierce devouring element arose,
And with redoubled fury broke above
Their watery grave. And some, more fortunate,
With well tried skill, in safety passed the North
And West Capes round, and on the southern shore
Securely moored their damaged crafts. But those
The fewest number were.

And ushered in by howling winds, and rain
That drenching fell, the morning came,
And on the beach disclosed, in hopeless plight,
A schooner by the waves dashed on the sand,
While up the bank the foaming breakers roared.
The crew, five Frenchmen, unassisted left
The wreck, and scrambled up the slippery bank,
And at a cottage humbly knocked, and asked
For shelter from the storm, and by its inmates
Were received and entertained like friends.—
And all that day the tempest still with
Unabated fury raged, and night came on,
Dismal and dark, and sure destruction
Threatened to the hapless bark that still survived

The sad disasters of the previous night.
But far beyond it was the second night.
O what an awful night was that! O Muse!
Sad Muse! instruct me how to paint aright
The horrors of that dreadful scene! Some crew
All work abandoned, and in mute despair
Around their cabins sat, their fate awaiting,
And by terror chilled. In silence some, and some
In prayer, that never prayed before that night,
For mercy plead, while others wailed with woe.
And, as a last, sad refuge, some with chains
And ropes their shivering bodies lashed to masts
And shrouds, while o'er them swept the maddened sea,
And from their persons dragged the clothes that wrapped
Them from the cold, till masts and rigging from
Their places torn, came crashing down; and some
By heavy blows met instant death, and some,
Entangled in the ropes, washed overboard
And perished, hanging there.
And morn—the Sabbath morn—'mid storm, and death,
And havoc dawned. Adown the northern coast
The wrecks were strown, and o'er the breakers still
Came drifting in. Not like the accustomed day
Of rest *this* Sabbath seemed, when Christians rise

With mind serene, and offer praise and prayer,
And in the sanctuary wait. But now,
With hearts dismayed and faces pale, they hasten
To the strand with willing heart to render aid.
And, on the far horizon, they descried
A speck that sometimes disappeared from view,
But nearer came, and, with an interest
Intense, they watched its progress o'er the deep;
And soon a stately vessel, shoreward pointing,
O'er the billows rode. And, on the reefs, the white
Waves, foaming, raised their curling heads on high
And thundered to the shore.
And, as she nearer came, and o'er the huge
White breakers pitched, with naked poles, the crowd,
That, on the bank, had gathered, in intense
Excitement, by a little sand beach stood,
And to her beckoned. And, on her deck,
Stood fourteen men who all that storm
Had braved, nor tasted food since first it rose.
And, by that hand which doeth all things well,
Directed, they in safety passed the reefs,
And, in a little cove, between two points
Of shelving rock both steep and high, their bark,
Scarce injured, ran aground. Two casks made fast,
To ropes, were from her in the water cast,
And by the surf soon dashed to land, and, in

A moment, caught and made secure by those
Who on the bank in safety stood, and thus
A bridge constructed that, the crew might gain
The solid land; and, on this slender rope,
Clinging with hands and feet, some three or four
Of these poor famished, weary, fainting men
Came struggling from the wreck, and panting, gained
The land. Then came another awful surge
That, with tremendous force, her hull upraised
And hove quite to the bank; and all the men
Sprang from her, and came scrambling up the steep;
And, from above, the women, kneeling, caught
Their hands and drew them up, and led them to
Their homes, and gave them food and drink.

Not many leagues from Boston were their homes,
Where cheerful mothers, wives, and sisters dwelt,
And, free from all alarm, awaited their
Return; and, with the busy care, which well befits
The matron kind, made ready to receive
Them as the dictates of the heart inspired.
No tempest there disturbed the calm of mind
Or atmosphere; but prattling children played,
And maidens smiled, and wild birds warbled
In the trees, and joyous sunbeams glanced, and
Mellow zephyrs, o'er the dusky woodland hills,
Wafted the breathings of the still October morn.

But worse fared others of their countrymen.
A few short paces farther on there lay
A wreck, on which no living soul was found;
But thirteen mangled bodies, sorely bruised,
Of covering divested, in the torn
And tangled rigging hung, while o'er them lashed
The raging waves. O 'twas a sight on which
No human eye could gaze unmoved.
Not far from this, another hull containing
Ten dead men, the cabin seated round,
And it with water filled, was shoreward driven.
But, as the day advanced, the storm decreased,
The wind lulled down, the sea abated, for
Its awful work of retribution was
Completed; vengeance was appeased, and
Sabbath profanation fearfully
Chastised; for that proud fleet no Sabbath knew,
But, on the day of sacred rest, pursued
Their daily round of toil, and hasted to
Be rich: and thus temptation and a snare
Beset, and swift destruction smote them down.
Another morn—and all was calm and bright,
And placid as before. And, on the beach,
Were corpses found, with bruised and broken limbs,
And fractured skulls laid bare, and sadly marred
And mutilated visages: and these

Were by the christian people taken up
And decently interred. And, from
The broken wrecks these poor, crushed forms
Were gently disengaged, and in the quiet
Churchyard laid.

And, on the sand, like seaweed washed ashore,
And by the tide thrown up in rows, were found
The torn and tattered garments of the poor
Unhappy men, who, by a sudden stroke,
Were summoned to appear, and stand before
The judgment seat, to answer for their deeds.
And, all along the coast, were to be seen
Mementoes sad of this disastrous gale,
Boots, garments, boxes, blended were with crashed
And broken fragments of all kinds of ware.

But how fared George, our noble friend, on these
Tempestuous nights? How stood *his* gallant bark
The raving storm? And who consoled his fair
Amanda through those dreadful hours?
Heartsick with horror and alarm, she heard
The wind, with thundering sound, roar on their roof
And threaten hard to lay the fabric low.
She wept and wailed, and, with an humble and
A stricken heart, implored of "Him who rules
The boisterous deep," to look in mercy on
Her friend. She like a phantom moved, and to

The comforts of the shipwrecked mariners
Attended. She, like a spirit sent to minister
To their necessities, about them waited,
And a sister's place supplied. And they,
On her benignant head, poured blessings down.
But ever, as she gently moved, before
Her eyes appeared a manly form, far down,
Full many fathoms deep—and o'er it rolled
The gurgling wave. She saw his dark and
Glossy hair keep moving to and fro, by lifting
Waters stirr'd, and his deep mournful eyes
Seemed ever gazing on her. She tried
To hope—she tried to bear—she tried to be
Resigned—she strove to still her grief—
But oh 'twas hard:—'twas hard to say farewell
To hope, to joy, to life's endearments, to
A happy home, soon to be hers, had George
Once more returned. Day after day passed on,
And still no tidings of the "Sea-gull" came.
And hope within her bosom died; and down
Her hueless cheeks ran bitter, bitter tears,
As to her heart came home, with crushing weight,
The heavy thought that she would see his face
No more. At eve, beneath the quivering aspen,
She her soul's impassioned grief indulged,
And her deep sorrow fully realized.

The captain of a stranded ship, with warm
And generous heart, her sorrow marked; nor asked
Her why those tears, but well the cause divined;
And, on her silken head, he laid his hand,
And bade her cease to weep. And she
Obeyed his voice, and dried her tears, and with
Him talked about the probabilities
Of any craft's outliving such a storm.
And there was something in the stranger's voice
That soothed her grief, and bade her hope.
And, to her fevered brain, that night, was given
A sweet refreshing sleep, the calm repose
That comes but to the innocent.
Another morn,—and down the silver coast
Five Captains came, in search of brothers lost.
From Boston, Providence, New York, Chelsea,
And Portland, were those Captains five; and they
Were honest, noble men: but heavy hearts
And saddened looks were theirs; for they of dear
And loving brothers were bereaved. And, in
Amanda's shaded cottage, they at noon
Reclined, and talked about the storm; and of
A vessel spoke that had at first among
The missing reckoned been, but now reported
Safe. Her name enquired; "The 'Sea-gull,'" they
Replied. "And is she safe! and all the crew

Alive?" Amanda cried. "Yes, all the crew
And captain too, are hasting to their homes
In health and safety," answer'd they, "And, would
To heaven, we, of our lost friends, could say
The same."
Amanda's feelings, need we tell? or of
Her thoughts make mention now; for they
Who know her grief, her joy may also know?
And gratitude to Him who holds the winds
In his right hand, and to their havens brings
The men "who go to sea in ships, and who
God's works and his great wonders see"—her mind
Engaged,—and thus she sang:

"O Lord that men to thee would give
Praise for thy goodness then,
And for thy works of wonder, done
Unto the sons of men!"

For them who put their trust in thee,
And kept thy holy day,
Thou hast, O Lord, preserved alive
In thy good time and way.

But them who dared thy power defy,
And took thy name in vain,

Thou hast engulfed and overwhelmed
Beneath the raging main.

O sanctify this judgment sore,
Through all the land abroad,
That many hearts may turn to thee,
Thou just and righteous God.

And O! sustain those souls, bereaved
By this avenging blow,
That thy sweet mercy, Lord, and grace,
Their aching hearts may know.

We thank thee now that thou hast stilled
The tumult of thy waves;
And peacefully thy waters roll
Above their nameless graves.

Another morn,—and, in her aspen bower,
Now rent, and denudated by the storm,
Amanda sat, and with her heart communed,
And thought how many homes had, by the blast,
Unsparing in its wrath, been—like her bower,
Now stripped of all its pride, and torn and bare—
Laid waste, and robbed of all that gave them grace,
And peace and gladness. Up the winding path
That to the highway led, her eyes were turned;—

And down the hill came George, with well known
form,
With smiling face, and bland and cheerful air.
A youth whom he had loved in boyhood's day,
And as a brother deemed, was by his side.
She rose—they met—and with a joy untold,—
Because no words were adequate,—in silence
Clasped each other's hands; and then to the
Moss grown seat repaired, and long conversed
In happiness complete. And like the face
Of beaming angel bright did George's seem;
Like one that, from the grave arisen, came back
From death's dark portals to unfold to veiw
The secrets of the unseen world. And all
Their struggle, through that night of storm, he told,
And how they ran before the wind, and lost
Their gear, and almost lost their ship and lives,
But finally succeeded, by the exercise
Of all their skill and fortitude, to round
The dangerous cape, where breakers rose on high
And bellowed o'er the reefs with deafening sound;
And thus they managed to escape the worst,
But all the praise and glory gave
To him who was, and is, and is to come,
Who sits upon the eternal throne, and holds
The keys of life and death.

But let us for a moment turn towards
Those homes in Massachusetts, Maine, New York,
For now the dreadful news arrives, and spreads
Deep consternation over every heart,
And horror, grief, and tears, throughout the land,
Send forth their wailings up to heaven.
And many weeping Rachels, sore distressed,
All rest and comfort now refuse, and will
Not be consoled, because, alas! their sons
Are not. Now is their mirth to sadness turned,
Their laughter into sobs and cries, their songs
To lamentations loud, and bitterness
Of heart. And little children in the streets
Forsake their play, with faces pale, and round
Their weeping mothers gather, asking why
They weep; and, shrieking, they reply in tones
Of wild dispair—"O child! your brothers all
Are dead! All drown'd! All lost! lost, lost at sea!"
"And, Mother, will they not come home again?"
In childhood's simple, earnest tones they ask.
Then from their bursting hearts those frenzied words
Heart-rending echo back—"No! never! never!
Never more will they come back! my children dear!
Where are your bodies? Where? Oh! where?"—and
Shrieking, swoon away, to wake but to the sad
Reality of all their unfeign'd woe.

The children then take up the wail, and in
The universal lamentation join;
And on their little couches lay them down
And cry themselves to sleep.
One family, of whom, more than the others,
I shall mention make, your tender sympathy
Calls forth. Four noble sons, in manhood's bloom
And vigor strong, on board their handsome craft
Their lines hard plied the summer long, but now
Had to an awful death gone down. And they
Among the number were, who, on the wreck
On that eventful morn, were found, their cold
And lifeless bodies hanging in the shrouds,
Of covering bereft; some dragging in
The water, by the chains attached, and some
Lay mangled on the deck. O 'twas a scene
O'er which the hardest, most inhuman heart
Might well be found to weep! O sea!
Devouring sea! among thy many spoils
Who e'er hath seen, of all thy victims, aught
Like this? O poor, frail, fleeting, mortal life!
O crushed and lost and blasted human hopes!
O weeping wailing voices of dispair!
O hearts so brave, so true, so loving, now
Forever stilled in death! This is indeed
The deepest grief, this is a sorrow real

And unfeigned, to which alleviation
Comes not soon.
And now the poor heart-broken father, of
His sons bereft, prepares to take his lonely way
In search of their loved dust. He had been told
That, on Prince Edward Isle, their broken craft
In ruins lay; and hoped to find their bodies there.
And on the spot arrived, beside a cottage door,
Upon the paling, he espied the clothing
Of his sons, and recognized it, and a pang
Of agony pierced through his quivering heart.
The people, sympathizing, told him all
The mournful tale, how they had taken from
The wreck, the bodies, and, within the still
And sacred churchyard ground, had laid
Them down to rest. The old man, weeping, heard
The tale, and said that he must take them home,
And lay them in the family burying place,
Beside his sires, the spot where he himself,
Ere long, should be entombed; that their loved friends
Might once more look on their cold faces, ere
They mouldered down to dust. And to the place
Of graves they next repaired, where, at the farther
Side, a long row of new made mounds told
Where they lay. They raised the fresh sod, then the
Mould, and soon the coffin came in view.

They laid it gently on the grass, the lid
Removed, and the still features of the dead
Uncovered. The father, agonizing,
Gazed for a moment on the chill pale face
Of his loved child, so calm in death's last sleep,
Then, with a frantic burst of grief, he cast
Himself convulsively upon the earth.
Three times he rose to look on his dead son,
And three times prostrate fell to earth again.
O what an hour was that to him! Much like
The grief of David when he gazed on his
Slain Absalom, and felt that he for him
Could willingly have died. Another grave
They opened, and the coffin, as before,
Laid on the sward, and the pale sleeper's
Countenance disclosed. The old man gazed—
'Twas not his son, but yet a face with which
He was familiar. A neighbour's child,
His mother's loved and only son, and she
A widow was. And she had made request
Of him that, if her darling Henry's loved
Remains were to be found, to bring them home;
That she her grief might all exhaust by daily
Weeping o'er his grave. And he was one
In form and face most beautiful: and when
They brought him from the wreck, that morn,

The rosy tint was on his cheek, the pure
Blood had not left the surface, and as fair
He seemed as when alive. His golden hair,
In wavy folds that clustered round his brow,
Appeared so much like life. O he was
"Beautiful in death!"

At last, the four dead brothers taken from
The graves, and this fair youth, the old man made
Arrangements to convey them speedily
To his sad home. In an adjacent port
A vessel lay equipped, for Boston bound,
Awaiting wind. On board of her, in a
Strong case secured, the coffins five he placed,
And took for home, himself, another route.
The captain of this craft was one who feared
Not God, nor yet regarded man, but cursed
The storm—the wreck it made—and, in profane
And awful language, to His face defied
Almighty power; and said no storm could ever
Injure *him*. And with loud blasphemies upon
His lips, set sail, with fair, propitious wind.

The aged man safe home arrived, and worn
And weary with his mournful task, sank down
Exhausted, by his weeping wife, and pale,
Sad little daughter.

He said their coffined sons were on the way
And they would soon be there.
Friends gathered in to hear the tale of their
Most melancholy fate, and with them they
Their tears commingled. And the lone widow,
For her beauteous boy, made bitter moan;
But clung to the poor hope forlorn, that she,
Yet once again, would see his face, and lay
Him by his father's side.
And day by day they looked, and waited for
That bark's return, until the dread suspense
Became unbearable: and long they hoped,
And watched, and sighed, and wept, nor could believe
It possible that she would never come.
But time, that great revealer, told the tale;
And they the unwelcome truth were forced to own
That, to the depths, a second time they had
Gone down. O strange, mysterious fate was theirs!
O destiny severe, and most inscrutable!
No resting-place for them on earth was found;
But in the surging deep their bones must roll,
Until the restless sea gives up her dead.
That wretched craft was never seen nor heard
Of more, nor ever one on board came back
To tell her fate. Some Island men, for Boston
Bound, set out on board of her, but ne'er

To their loved homes returned; and for them fair
Young widows wore the weeds of woe.
Not much on land was George: and when those sad
Calamities were past, his bark was on
The sea, and all Amanda's thoughts went with
Him, and her constant prayer was, for his safe
And prosperous goings, wafted up to heaven.
And. when a sighing breeze arose, and with
Its fluttering pinions ruffled up the deep,
Her heart beat quicker, and her color came
And went, and in her ear she seemed to hear
The thundering of the troubled sea; and up
Before her eyes a vision came of all
The storm had wrought. And in her heart
A strange anxiety prevailed—a kind of dark
Presentiment of ill. A something seemed
To tell her, in a tone of ominous
Foreboding, that with George all was not well.
And as she sat alone, her thoughts ran thus:—

"Away in the mist, on the wide trackless ocean,
Where foam-crested billows in majesty sweep,
Methinks I behold thee, when wild winds are rising,
Stand proudly and gaze on dark rolling deep.

O had I the wings of the wild soaring sea-bird,
Tho' darkness and tempest around me should roll,

With the heart of the dove, and the wings of the eagle,
How soon would I meet the beloved of my soul.

For thee would I brave every peril of the ocean,
And fearlessly meet the loud burst of the wave,
To behold thee once more in thy changeless devotion,
Heaven grant me but this ere thou find me a grave.

Oh, haste thee, oh, haste thy broad sails to unfurl,
And spread them aloft to the high swelling gale;
There's a heart in this bosom concerned for thy safety,
That sighs to behold on the waters thy sail.

Oh come! for the tempest is rising around thee;
I hear the loud winds as they dolefully moan;
On the shore there is safety and rest for the weary,
And kind loving hearts wait to welcome thee home."

Another heart there was by passion touched—
Another youth who saw and loved, with deep
Regard, the fair Amanda. He had moved
In higher walks of life than those which George
In early youth had graced; and in the nice
Refinements of polite society well versed,
The many charms which education gives
The man, in him were centred, and combined
With nature's higher gifts. And he had sought

Amanda for the choice companion of
His life; had offered her his wealth—his all—
Position, influence, rank and style—in short
A sumptuous city home. Her heart he asked—
But she had none to give; 'twas far away;—
'Twas on the silver sea; 'twas on the deep
Of storm and hurricane and wreck!
And in the honour of her true and frank
And noble *woman's heart*, she told him so,
And gracefully declined his suit; and he,
With generous soul, and upright mind,
His suit withdrew, and wished her well;—wished all
The happiness this life can give—wished all
The untold joys he hoped for in a realm
Of purer bliss, might be on her bestowed.
And, bidding her a kind adieu, he went
His way. For he, a man, a christian, and
A gentleman in every action proved.
But there was one with envy moved against
Amanda, who, with jealous eye, beheld
Her happiness; and with relentless hate
Resolved to do her wrong. And, in the guise
Of friendship veiled, she often came, and with
Her sat, and talked in smooth and pleasing tones,
While rankling in her heart were secret ire,
Malicious spleen, and lurking guile.

She to that *certain class* belonged, *who all*
Things know, or rarely happen *not* to know
Their neighbours' most minute concerns: and oft
It seems a marvel to us all how they
Their knowledge gain. Yet so it is; and from
Them nothing can be hid. She knew the day
On which the friends of George expected his
Return. She knew (of course) Amanda's choice
Was George, and she was his; she also knew
That, in his absence, she a suitor had,
And deemed it quite her *duty* to inform
Him of the fact. Nor yet would this suffice,—
But to her mind her confidential friend,
The father of all lies, suggests a plan
To set the mischief well afloat, and make
It rightly work, that all the belles might laugh,
And "Miss Amanda yet come short."
So sitting gravely down, she went to work
And all her project planned.
Amanda's father was a man of sound
Unwavering judgment, and possessed a large
Proportion of the goodly gift of common sense:
A man of stern reserve, of dignified
And grave demeanour. They who knew him well
(And George was one) knew also that his will
In all pertaining to his house must be

Obeyed. If to his children he said, "Go,"
They went—or, "Do," they did it, and in all
Things yielded to his voice obedience
Willingly. All this was to the emissary
Known, and on it she her structure built.
And, imitating well the "old man's style,"
A brief, decided, but respectful note
To George addressed, informing him that, since
His last departure, after serious thought,
He had concluded on a new and wise
Arrangement for his daughter's future good,
And to the satisfaction of himself
And all his friends, from which Amanda's own
Good sense forbade her to dissent. She wished
Her best respects to be to him conveyed,
And begged to be excused from seeing him again,
As she was soon to be another's bride,
And thus preferred to say farewell.

Once more, with lithe, elastic step did George
Within his father's portal bound, and ask
In jocund tone, "What news?"—and ere his friends
Could answer make, he on the table spied
A letter to himself addressed; he for
A moment scrutinized it, and anon
The seal removed, and sitting down, became

Absorbed in its contents. And o'er his brow
There came a sudden scowl, and on his face
A darkly gathering frown remained, that, like
A thunder cloud soon darkening all the air,
A heavy shadow casts o'er all around.
And long he sat in gloomy mood, and, to
The kindly questions of his sisters, made
But short replies. And, as the sun went down
He sighed, and to his chamber went, and by
Its casement sat, and on the dim and fast
Receding landscape sadly gazed. Within
His breast there seemed an arrow sticking fast—
A barbed and pointed arrow, that within
His wounded heart produced the sharpest pain.
Yet noble hearts like his oft prove themselves
To be both brave and tender. If he had
Loved devotedly, he also bravely suffered,
And composed his troubled thoughts, and quietly
Surveyed the magnitude of his great wrong,
And proudly bore it; yet forgave the cold
Stern heart that had decreed it so;
And thus to the adored Amanda, who
Had been the idol of his youthful life,
Addressed, in sad and touching strains,
His last farewell.—

Adieu, lovely image, farewell my Amanda,
My soul's dearest treasure, I bid thee adieu,
And this heavy heart sinks in chill mists of sorrow
And implores Heaven's pardon, Amanda for you.

Impassioned, I yielded my deepest devotion,
A love which earth's trials could never destroy;
To thee, and thee only, this heart thou hast injured
Beat fondly and faithfully in sorrow or joy.

With fervor I bowed at the shrine of thy beauty
And proudly, *too* proudly, I doated on thee—
Too deeply regarded thee, soon to forget thee—
We part, and pale grief makes a victim of me.

What rapture was mine, how impassioned I heard thee
Thy tender and lasting devotion declare;
O quickly my heart beat with joyous emotion,
As real as the vision was fleeting and fair.

Once the flowerets of peace, love, and joy grew together,
And evergreen hope blossomed bright on its stem,
But the mildew came down, and a cloud, dark and chilling,
O'ershadowed their bloom, and brought ruin to them.

It left nought behind, save a lone weeping willow,
That bended and wept in the crystalline dew;
The blossoms all drooped as the death-shade came
o'er them;
The rosebud was quickly exchanged for the yew.

In despair I grieved over the sad desolation,
In anguish I mourned and lamented their doom;
But a bright spray of hope flourished green 'mid the
ruin,
Like life that had sprung from the desolate tomb.

The hope that will form for the soul a sure anchor
When cast on the billows of life's troubled sea;
That will hold it, and keep it unbroken and steadfast
When howling waves thunder and burst o'er our lee.

What anguish in this weary world we suffer!
What whirlwinds of woe we are born to endure!
A tempest of bitterness bursts in my bosom,
And hope seems, at times, to give place to despair.

Most deeply, thou dear one, I grieve at thus parting;
Nought else but thy smile can this lone bosom cheer;
But hope, like a star on woe's wide stormy billow,
Smiles, and whispers sweet soothing in sorrow's sad
ear.

Thou, whose brow is more pure than the moon in her
splendor,
Whose eyes roll in light like the beams of the sun;
Though I never behold thee again in thy beauty,
Nor hear the sweet accents that fall from thy tongue,

While there's life at my heart I can never forget thee,
But henceforth in sadness and solitude mourn;
Bereft of all pleasure, alone I must languish;
For ne'er will the dream of life's morning return.

When far, far away, O this heart will oft wander
Back, back to the region it once loved so well,
To the form it enshrined, and believed almost sinless,
But now bids forever and ever farewell!

Another morn—and from his father's house,
With mournful air, he turned away, and soon,
Upon the golden sand, his foot-prints pressed.
He viewed the main, he scanned the wind, he gave
Command, up ran the sails, and, "all on board,"
The "Seagull," once again, in all her tall
Distinguished dignity, walked on the waves
That swell the bosom of the blue St Lawrence.
And as the Island less and lesser grew,
And, from his vision, dimly disappeared,

The weight that pressed the Captain's heart more
heavy
Grew, and, with a throbbing pain, seemed rushing on
His brain. And when the brilliant glories of
The morning, kindling, fired the eastern sky,
The burning fever fired his aching brain.
And long he lay unconscious of the hand
That ministered, or aught around.
And ere he took his old accustomed post,
And gave command, the "Seagull," far from his
Native Isle, the current stemmed.
Amazed, Amanda heard it told that he
Had visited his home—and now was gone—
Gone without word, or token of a change!
Gone without seeing or speaking to her!
Could it be possible? Was it indeed
The truth? It was; and the conviction
Of it brought a pointed sting, that pierced
Her heart. Could she but know the reason why,
Could she but understand the circumstance
That could induce her friend to treat her so!
But no; 'twas all in vain; vain were her thoughts,
And all her queries vain; they must remain
Unanswered.
And now she wept as bitterly as when
She thought him dead, or more so; 'twas

A different feeling—worse—because a blame
Existed somewhere; some wrong, false dealing,
Some injustice done; or else her judgment
Greatly erred; but he was gone—perhaps
Would ne'er return, or if he did, would shun
Her presence, and select another friend
To proudly fill her place. Were these thoughts to
Her mind consoling? these reflections well
Calculated to inspire her soul with aught
Like happiness? What think ye? Did she
Step as lightly as before, or sing as gaily,
Or as nimbly perform her wonted round
Of household duties? Ah no! methinks I see
Her now, with pallid lip and absent mind,
Eyes fixed on space—and hear her say—
"O he is cruel! cruel! this suspense
Is insupportable!" And thus the dreary
Winter months stole by, and brought no calm
To poor Amanda's mind, but storms increased.
'Tis said no trial ever comes alone,
And this, Amanda's sad experience proved.
She knew that she had secret enemies;
She knew that now they did rejoice in her
Unhappiness, and wished it had been worse;
And busily about her talked, and laughed;
And, sneering, told how she had been by George

Deserted. Here slander found an open door,
And forward stalked, resolved to do her worst.
And now her grief was frenzy at its height,
Though meekly she had borne it all, till now,
Resolved, with spirit firm, to brave the worst;
But this, oh, this was more than she could bear!
And in the very house where prayer was wont
To be performed, she saw malicious eyes
Intently on her fixed, and read their thoughts,
And marked their sneers, and rightly guessed the cause
Of George's strange, abrupt departure from
The circle of her tried and faithful friends.
Sometimes she with herself had reasoned, and
Philosophized, and soared in thought above
All sublunary things; and looking down
On life and all its bickering strifes and feuds,
Had laughed at petty sorrows and complaints:
But not so now; she had no power given her
To rise above the heavy atmosphere
That now surrounded her, and kept her vexed
Spirit clogged and prostrate on the earth.
When George was home, or when away, she knew
Not now, nor saw his friends; they from her all
Withdrew,—she knew not why,—nor could divine
What had gone wrong. And she would sometimes say,
"O, if it were not for cruel slander,

I could cease to grieve: for George, I could have
Banished from my thoughts, and lived
In peace; but *this* is dreadful to survive!"
At other times exclaim,—" O! if he had
But clung to me through all this storm, by vile
Defamers raised, without a cause, and hurled
Against me, I could have despised them all,
And kept above it. But, defamed, deserted, and
Distressed, my spirit bows beneath its load;
'For who can stand before the face of envy?—
Sure, jealousy is cruel as the grave!—
The coals thereof are coals of flaming fire—
And love—as strong as death! many waters
Cannot quench it, nor the floods destroy,'
Nor busy, babbling tongues remove, though oft
They much may harass, and bring bitter woe
To hearts more innocent and pure, by far,
Than ever were their own. Yet there is one
Rich boon of which, thank heaven, they cannot rob
Me, and 'tis all that now from madness saves
Me; Of *virtue,—innocence;*—the conciousness
Of this supports me;—*that* they *cannot* take.
If, to my griefs, were added now the keen
Sharp dagger of remorse, the scourge of an
Accusing conscience, or the stain of guilt,
How could I live? 'And, as it is, my life

Is loathsome to me, and the light of day
Is hateful, the human face offensive,
The world more gloomy than a charnel house,
And my own soul in blackness seeks to hide
Itself." Thus talked Amanda, and thus, for
A time, her mind its balance held.
But constant dropping wears the stone away;
And constant thought, and sleepless nights, and
Injured pride, their work can do; and ere the sweet
Refreshing spring returned, with balmy air,
Restoring nature, she had all endured
Her mind could bear; and reason tottered on
Her throne, and memory fled, and she forgot
The event of yesterday; nor thought, nor cared
For aught around her; and the face of friend
And foe alike avoided; and unceasingly
Talked to herself; and nothing saw or felt
But one dark recollection of the past.
She knew she once was happy, once had friends,
Once loved society,—but now, a sense
Of bitter loathing of them all had on
Her spirit seized, and all her soul possessed;
And now the torture keen and exquisite,
Known only to the maniac, was hers;
As yet she had not to the world betrayed
Her feelings; and they only saw the pale

Cheek, the hollow eye, the drooping form,
The lack of energy and interest, she
Was wont to show in every day concerns.
With heavy hearts, her parents saw the change;
Her sisters marked the symptoms of a mind
Diseased, and fondly strove to charm her from
Her melancholy mood; and brothers tried
In vain their powers to please.
At last the mystery was unravelled, and
The secret plots of enemies disclosed,
And all their envy, malice, slander, stood
Unveiled. And, when the knowledge to her came,
How she had been belied, and George had been
Deceived, an honest indignation filled
Her soul. Her reason rallied, and she hoped
To see the day when she would tell him all
Their schemes, and disabuse his mind of the
Deception. And the sweet spring blossoms now
Enticed her forth, and from her still seclusion
Winning her, regaled her weary spirit
With the scented sweets, by flowerets flung upon
The moistened air. She sat beneath the tree
Just budding forth, and listened to the wild
Bird calling to his mate; and as the soft
Winds lulling came, and fanned her tinted cheek
And soothed her spirit back to reason, she

This plantive strain indulged:—

Ah! tell me, thou for whom I would die,
Has the once kind heart grown cold?
Has it ceased to think of the fading one,
Whose sorrows are all untold?

Long and sadly, thou much loved one,
I have waited and watched in vain,
Till my heart has sickened with "hope deferred"—
Wilt thou never return again?

Say, is thy bosom now chilled with scorn?
Is affection's current dried?
And the love thou hast offered in spotless truth,
Has it perished long since, and died?

Where now are the eyes that have beamed on me,
With a radiance all their own?
That jocund smile, can I ne'er meet more,
As once, when care was unknown?

And oft in the dusky night, full oft
In the lone and silent hour,
Sad thoughts arise, sad memories come,
With a heart enthralling power,

Till sleep, sweet balm to the wounded heart,
With a tardy flight comes down;
And bids the tear that is stealing away
Be dried ere the night be gone.

And morn, with her waking glories spread,
Calls, "Man, to thy labour go"—
Calls rest again from my weary head—
Bids the tear again to flow.

Wilt thou still disregard me? Oh, say what
Could have changed a heart like thine?
What turned thee away from thy first love, say,
Has the fault been wholly mine?

Ah, no! ah no! for this bursting heart
Which has lived but for thee alone,
Though aching, was true, and will ever be so,
Until death's dread summons come.

I never will call thee false; O no!
Forgive me the thought that would
Aspire to blame thee once, when I know
Thou art far too noble and far too good.

I know *they* have pained thy generous heart—
I know how my own has bled—

Yet say not the wound can never be healed,
Nor tell me my last hope is fled.

If in thought or in word, when my heart was oppressed,
I have wronged thee or doubted thy love,
I only implore thy forgiveness to me,
As thou seekest thine own from above.

For slander was busy, and treachery rife,
And deep were the plots they had laid;
For their aim was to separate two loving hearts
By the tissue of falsehood they made.

Although for a time they embitter our lives,
Yet their malice must come to an end;
And surely 'twere folly in anger to part
When we know the true worth of a friend.

And summer days grew long, bees hummed, birds sang,
Flowers blossomed, winds caressed, and evening dews
Distilled, until the scented grass cut down,
And then the golden grain, and gathered in,
Proclaimed the end of summer's joyous reign.
The autumn fruits were safely garnered up,
And all things made secure against the approach

Of winter's chilling blast. And winter, grim
And hoary, came and went,—and then, once more,
With chastened hearts, still fettered by the cord
That no adversity could sever, or undo,
George and Amanda met: and in that
Meeting all they had endured seemed like
A flitting dream that with the gloomy hour
Of midnght passed away; seemed like a cloud
That for a moment had obscured the sun
As he arose, but soon, chased by his beams
Back to the shades of dusky night, had left
In unveiled glory all the cloudless sky.
And they their vows renewed, and said that nought
But death should e'er divide them more.
Such hours as these seem like a green oasis
In the wide and sandy desert of this life.
We leave your quick imaginations to
Suggest how spent, with them, those hours;
And haste toward the sequel of this tale of woe.
A strong desire to view Columbia's land,
The waving prairies of the west, the tall
And goodly forests of Iowa, seized
On George's mind. And, on the greenest spot
The west could boast, his purpose was to build
His home, and thither bear away his bride.
She would have shared with him the toils

Of this exploring tour; but he, in kind
Consideration of her slender form,
Cast in a mould so delicate, thought best
To find a home first, and, when all complete
In every comfort his large heart could plan,
And every luxury good taste devise,
Would hasten back to consummate their joys.
And so they parted; and, with hope and
Happiness reanimated, they forgot
The past, and all their enemies forgave.
And ranging over mountain, plain, and vale,
He, of this great and highly favoured land,
A survey took. And scanning all, and all
Admiring, scarce could choose; there were so many
Lovely spots, he could not fail in pleasing
His beloved Amanda; and he hasted back,
Well pleased to tell her all the tale of his
Adventures. And on the borders of the great
Republic, near the spot where grand Niagara
Pours her dashing flood, he lingered, and
Beheld, entranced, the foaming cataract
Rush o'er the heights with thunder tone.
And there was in its voice a music wild
And dread, that o'er him bound a spell of strange
And nameless fascination. And long
He gazed upon this most magnificent

Of spectacles his soul-lit eyes had ever
Looked upon. But he was destined never more
To tread the soil of his loved native Isle.
A fell contagion seized his frame and laid
Him low. In vain were all the remedies
That skilled physicians could devise; his hour
Had come; and he must say farewell to all
Beneath the sun. No gentle mother's hand
Was there to smooth his pillow, or impart
The cooling draught; no sister's voice to cheer
His fainting heart, or bid him cling, in his
Last mortal struggle with the ruthless King
Of Terrors, to the mighty arm that carried
All our griefs, deprived the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death. Yet he
Was strong in faith and love, and willingly
Responded to the call that bade him leave
All he held dear on earth. A nobler crown
Than earthly monarch wears was his; and
Joyfully his free unfettered spirit
Soared to realms of light and purity,
Where sorrow, sin, and death can never come.
His kind physician, his last accents caught
And treasured well. 'Twas of his mother he
Would speak; and, as his heaving breath came quick
And short, he murmured, "Tell her not to grieve—,

To-day—I'll be in paradise—with Jesus—"
And within his hand a little locket placed,
Saying, "'Tis Amanda's,—pray tell her—that in
Death her name—was dear to me—she'll meet
Me soon at *His* right hand—Farewell—I—go—
O glorious sight!—the angels come!—yes—I—go—
Farewell!"— Then, the last conflict over, and
The clay composed to rest, a stranger's hand
All kindly offices performed; and, to
His friends, who waited his return, addressed
A full account of his last hours. And from
His noble head they clipped a glossy curl,
And enclosed;—'twas all their eyes should ever rest
Upon of his beloved remains. 'Twas winter
When the tidings came, and doubly winter then
To poor Amanda: but the thought that he
Died true to her, that he breathed her name,
Then rose on seraph wings aloft to God,
To dwell for evermore in pure and full
Felicity, her grief consoled; and the
Fond hope that she would one day meet him
There, her spirit calmed and soothed.
And all her thoughts were of the better land;
And meekly she could bow before her lot,
And ask for strength to suffer all it pleased
Her righteous Father to inflict. And now

She felt that nought of earth had power to draw
Her love. Her idol was removed—the idol
She had worshipped—the creature she had more
Adored than the Creator. She, in these
Afflictions, clearly could discern the hand
By which a loving Father led her to
Himself. When foes assailed, and friends withdrew,
Her heart was hard as stone; she could not pray,
Nor quietly submit: the sting of pride—
Severely wounded pride—distracted her.
But this was a sufficient blow to quell
And conquer all rebellious feelings. And,
Laying down all earthly cares and thoughts, she now
Betook herself to make her peace with God;
To do His will on earth, and ask for grace
To fit her soul for spending an eternity
Above the sky And, with a mind more firm
And rational than many who regale
Themselves in fortune's smiles, and bask in light
Beneath the sun of bright prosperity,
She treasured up, within her heart, the sad
Event, and in these words recorded it:—

He has laid him down in a dreamless sleep,
With the damp cold earth around him;
For death's dark seal on his brow was set,
And the grave's chill fetters bound him.

He has gone to rest in a stranger's land,
All around him are strangers sleeping;
He has closed his eyes far away from the home
Where his kindred and friends are weeping.

But his spirit has risen, with a glorious flight,
And soared to the land of seraphs,
To join with the band, in celestial white,
Of ransomed and sinless spirits.

Yet the heart looks back with a bitter pain,
And grieves that the clay has perished;
And fain would recall, from the grave's domain,
The form it so dearly cherished.

But, alas! how vain is the longing wish
Of the bursting heart to see him;
For death cannot chain his spirit to earth,
And we from the grave cannot free him.

I am weeping to think how that noble youth
From the stage of life was hurried;
But *not* by the grave I weep, where all
My heart's fond hopes are buried.

Methinks it would soothe this aching heart,
Though the tears might still be flowing,

To know the spot where he lies at rest—
Where the wild rank weeds are growing.

But Heaven denies what love would ask—
To plant by his grave a willow—
The decree had gone forth, and away in the west
Was prepared his lonely pillow.

I saw him last, on a summer day,
His brow was fair and unclouded;
No shadow of gloom passed over his way,
In darkness or care to enshroud it.

And O, the majestic, the noble look
That sat on his princely features,
Seemed more like a lofty angel of light
Than aught of earth's fading creatures.

His was a broad and a matchless brow—
Locks that were dark and shining—
Eyes that were solemn, and large, and clear,
Goodness and truth combining.

His was a form of a stately mould,
A face of surpassing beauty;
His was a heart that scorned deceit,
But scorned not the path of duty.

His was a heart where affection dwelt,
Where friendship held large dominion,
Where mild generosity reigned;—and hope
Before him was spreading her pinion.

I saw him no more:—ere another bright sun
Had decked out the glowing horizon,
Alone he was pacing the vessel's long deck,
That carried him o'er the wide ocean.

Oh! my heart was sad when I knew he was gone,
Oh! the hours seemed vacant and lonely:
But one cherished hope to my bosom still clung,—
One thought,—'twas of him, and him only.

Full many a wide spreading plain he traversed,
Full many a green plantation;
Yet found no spot where his spirit might rest,—
No fountain of sweet consolation.

And time rolled on with a rapid flight,
While the youth was widely roaming,
Till his heart grew weary with wandering far,
And dim eyes watched for his coming.

He longed to inhale the sweet fresh air
Of his own dear native climate;

He longed for his own familiar friends,
For his home and the hearts that entwined it.

So he bade farewell to the pleasant vales
Away in the green Wisconsin;
And hastening back on a homeward track,
Sought his home with a heart rejoicing.

'Twas a happy thought to the anxious minds
Thinking of him so kindly;
'Twas a rapturous thought to this passionate heart,
Doating on him so blindly.

And pleasing memories thronged my sight,
Scenes that had passed like visions
Came with a living freshness back,
Clear as the star-lit heavens.

But long and vainly we looked for him,
Long did we marvel why he tarried;
And thought that his bark o'er the heaving main
To some distant land had been carried.

But hope at length began to give way
To dismal and dark forebodings;
We longed to know, yet we feared each day
To our home might bring heavy tidings.

The winter snows were falling fast,
And the days seemed dark and dreary;
But darker, far, was the cloud that came
O'er our hearts so chill and weary.

'Twas true, too true, the sad, sad news
That came in that death sealed letter;
'Twas a blow that was heavy and hard to bear,
'Twas a pang that was keen and bitter.

For he, whom we longed to behold once more,
Whom we loved with such deep devotion,
Had died, and was buried by strangers' hands,
Far over the restless ocean.

Where now are the hopes once so dear to our hearts
Filling each hour with gladness?
Perished and blighted and fled from us now,
Or changed into heaviest sadness.

But O, there's a land where death cannot come,
Where sorrow and pain cannot enter;
A rest and a mansion prepared for the saints
Who have finished their glorious warfare.

Then let us look up, with a holier trust,
From the scenes of this world's tribulation,

To that home where the happy are parted no more
And death cannot sever affection.

And now that the sting may be taken away,
For the sake of thy well beloved son;
And thy creature, though feeble, enabled to say,
'My father in heaven, thy will be done.'

Is the prayer that the lonely heart-broken Amanda
Would offer, kind Father, to thee;
Till she rest where the wicked from troubling cease
And the weary from weeping are free.

One more sad scene, and then the curtain drops.
Amanda visited that saddened home,
And there, with weeping mother, sisters, friends,
Poured out her sympathetic tears: and, oh!
To breathe one word of consolation to
Those breaking hearts, o'erwhelmed in grief,
How utterly inadequate she seemed.
No word was spoken; but, in silence ranged
Around those old familiar walls, they sat,
The stillness only broken by the sob,
Or heavy moan. That was an hour in which
The heart, well knowing its own bitterness,

No words desired; they only seemed to mock
The soul's deep agony, and pierce anew
The deadly wound. But, as they parted, long
The stricken mother held Amanda's hand,
And, faltering, poured out her last blessing on
Her drooping head. They met no more; but soon,
In death's dark cerements shrouded, to the cold
And silent grave they bore that aged form;
Not long her strength endured, for heavy woe
Had bowed her frame; and with her kindred dust
Her thin grey hairs were soon in sorrow laid.
And who shall tell what glowing scenes of joy
Those two freed spirits, now in bliss, behold.
And, calm and grave, Amanda walks amid
The smiles, the sighs, the vanities of time;
The strifes, the animosities, the loves,
The hatreds, the untruths, the friendships of
This fickle life, unheeding of them all.
She sees as though she saw not, hears as though
She heard not, for she feels the time is short;
The fashion of this world is passing swift
Away; and this, oh! this is not her rest.

AMANDA'S LAMENT.

Air,—"Old Folks at Home."

Far, far away the brave lies sleeping,
Cold in the tomb;
Those that he left behind are weeping
Over his early doom.
All my fond hopes are gone and perished;
Joy is unknown.
O shall I see him never? Never!
No! no! my idol is gone.
O! my heart is surely breaking,
I am all alone.
O yes! my heart is sorely aching,
Aching for him that's gone.

Once, I was happy, happy, happy;
Blithe as the day;
But, when my heart was light and merry,
Death stole my love away!
O then my heart was sad and heavy!
Cold as the clay;
O, if I had but wings wide spreading,
Fain would I fly away!

O! my heart is surely breaking,
I am all alone;
O yes! my heart is sorely aching,
Aching for him that's gone.

Far, far away the brave lies buried,—
Wide rolls the wave,—
Dark is the shade that round me gathers,—
Lone is the stranger's grave!
No one to plant a weeping willow
Close by his head!
No one to raise a stone there, telling
Where his loved form is laid!
O! my heart is surely breaking;
I am all alone;
O yes! my heart is sorely aching,
Aching for him that's gone.

Take me away across the billow,
For I would go;
There's but one spot in this wide world
Where I can rest from my woe.
There, where his faithful heart must moulder,
Give me a tomb;
There let me lay me down and slumber,
There make my long last home.

O! my heart is surely breaking;
I am all alone;
O yes! my heart is sorely aching,
Aching for him that's gone.

THEY ARE GONE.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE POLYNESIAN MISSION, THE FOLLOWING SEVEN PIECES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

To the friends of the Polynesian Mission, the following lines may possess some interest. They were written on the departure of the Rev. J. Geddie and family from the scene of his first labors in the great work of winning souls. Never shall I forget the grief with which I received the parting kiss from the lovely little Jane and Mary Sophia, so soon to be consigned to the narrow house appointed for all living, and left to slumber beneath the green sward of their fatherland. I had then no adequate idea of the glorious work of the Missionary, but felt the deepest regret at parting with my beloved little playmates.

They have bid us adieu! we behold them no more!
And our bosoms are filled with a tender emotion;
They are rocked to repose on the breast of the wave,
Afar in the midst of the wide stormy ocean.

Their home is prepared in a far distant land;
From the home of their youth they have parted forever;
Their friends have all bid them a final farewell,
And their hearts, once so fond, have been joined but to sever.

Far o'er the blue waves of the wide rolling sea,
They've chosen to sojourn 'mongst heathen and strangers,
Away from their home and their loved native land,
And surrounded by trials, and troubles, and dangers.

Ah, little I dreamt, when together we strayed,—
With our young hearts untroubled, in life's happy morning,—
When richly the last golden rays of the sun
Were the gay blooming meadows and wild woods adorning;

When through the deep forest we roamed with delight,
And gathered Spring's sweet scented buds and gay blossoms,
Ah! little I thought that, ere long, we must part,
And many a sigh fill our sorrowful bosoms.

Oh fate! cruel fate! with thy cold iron hand
Full many a true-hearted friend thou hast parted;
Yes! blighted full many a tender young flower,
And left them all desolate, lone, and deserted!

But, waken ye zephyrs, and waft them along,
Roll gently beneath them, ye white tossing billows:
May happiness dwell in their far distant home,
And sweet be their slumbers, and soft be their pillows.

THEY ARE GONE.

The following lines were written with reference to the death of little Janie and Mary Sophia Geddie.

They are gone, in their innocent loveliness gone!
In their beauty and purity, gone from the earth!
They have passed, in their seraph-like sweetness, away
From the region where smiled the loved home of their birth.

Though no willow may weep where their ashes repose,
Nor the pure lily blossom around the lone spot;
Though the wildings of nature entwine their dank leaves,
Yet the mound where they slumber will ne'er be forgot.

Can a father forget the low grave of his child,
Though his table be furnished in climes far away?
Can a mother each night slumber on and not think
Of the sacred abode where her steps may not stray?

Ah no! for the memories that hallow the spot
Where the babe, in its beauty and sweetness, is laid,
Forbid that its cherub-like form should depart
From the heart that enshrined the first accent it said.

Ye have laid your loved treasures to rest with the dead;
Though your hearts have been heavily, bitterly grieved,
Ye have bowed to the messenger, calm and resigned,
As he dealt the stern blow that your spirits bereaved.

Ye have nobly replied to the summons to "Go,"—
Ye have left the loved land where your ancestors sleep:
Ye have taken your cross,—ye have willingly braved,
For the sake of your Master, the billowy deep.

Ye have sacrificed all the endearments of home,
All the comforts of Christian and civilized life,

Exchanged the communion of spirits refined,
For the warfare, the struggle, the storm, and the strife,

For the toil and the sickness, the terror and grief,
For the blow of the smiter, the wound of the spear,
For the shout of the savage that seeks for your lives:
O! truly your rest, your reward is not here.

But the treasures ye bear o'er the wild rushing wave,
Like the gems that concealed 'neath the deep waters be,
Shall one day flash forth from the darkness that wraps,
In a mantle of blackness, the Isles of the Sea.

THEY ARE GONE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHNSON, AND MR. AND MRS. MATHESON, OF THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

The Lord of the harvest his reapers hath called,
He hath gathered them home from the field,
He hath bid them in quietude sink to their rest;—
They have answered the summons,—their eyelids are sealed.

O gladly to Jesus they came in their youth,
And he sent them not empty away,
But gave of his spirit to strengthen and help,
To comfort and light them in sorrow's dark day,

And forth to the combat they went at his word,
Unaffrighted, untroubled, and calm;
For they drank of the cup a kind Father supplied;
They tasted the sweetness of Gilead's balm.

And strong in the strength of the God whom they loved,
Amid perils by sea and by land,
They shrank not to meet the dark cannibal's gaze,
They fled not the touch of the savage's hand;

But toiled, with unceasing devotion and love,
The horrors of heathendom dark to dispel,
The standard of Zion to plant in the Isles
Where iniquity's manifold mysteries dwell.

O bravely they stood at their perilous post—
O bravely they suffered, and languished, and died;
No murmur escaped them, as, calm and resigned,
They encountered the swellings of Jordan's dark tide.

O precious indeed in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of His noble and dearly loved saint!
O holy the spot that entombs his remains,
Though our footsteps may never that region frequent!

And who shall come up to the help of our King,
Against the strong hosts that invade,
With a bitter, a deadly, a murderous hate,
The land that shall yet our Redeemer's be made?

Shall the sons of our love, for the sake of bright gold,
Meet the dangers of climates unknown?
Shall the youth of our country in warfare engage,
For the sake of a perishing earthly renown?

And the ranks of Immanuel be scattered afar,
Or His laborers cease from their toil;
Or the soldier of Jesus grow faint, and look back,
And in fearfulness shrink from the weary turmoil?

Ah no! for the love that we bear our best Friend
Forbids that we list not the call
To come from our pleasures, and fill up the ranks,
And readily enter, and willingly fall,

For the sake of the perishing heathen, if so
Should our blessed Redeemer require;
But to tell them of Jesus, of heaven, of hope,
Let this be our first and most earnest desire.

THEY ARE GONE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. AND MRS. GORDON, "THE LAST MARTYRS OF EROMANGA."

Not by the glow of the social hearth,
Not by the lamp's mild ray,
Not from the downy couch of rest,
Did their spirits pass away.

Not by the gentle loving arm
Were their throbbing bosoms stayed;
Not by the voice of faithful friend
Were their dying throes allayed.

But a sudden, deadly stroke was dealt
By a ruthless, savage arm;
And the sound that broke on her gentle ear
Was the murderer's wild alarm.

Loud on the air the cry rang out,
And the lady turned to see,
And "What," she enquired, in anxious tone,
"O, what may that outcry be?"

But the savage lied in his black deceit,
And he coolly made reply,
"The boys are at play, and they shout with glee
To the sun in the cloudless sky."

Scarce had her gentle footsteps turned
To the door of her loved abode,
When the club of the hardened monster fell,
And the blood of the martyr flowed.

She knew not the life of her best beloved
Had fallen, a sacrifice,
Till his glorified spirit in joy met hers,
In a region of cloudless skies.

Together they labored, together they fell,
Together they slumber in peace,
Together they sing to the golden lyre,
And joy in their spirits' release.

No longer shall sorrow or weariness press
The hearts that, so true to their trust,

Fulfilled the kind mission their Master assigned,
Ere they laid them to moulder in dust.

And oh! that the darkness, enshrouding in gloom
That Island of horror and death,
May be speedily scattered, that light may illume,
With its sunbeams, the murderer's path!

Then come to the rescue, ye heralds of life!
Ye soldiers of Jesus! repair
To lands where the blackness of darkness prevails,
And the words of salvation declare.

Awake! and your strength shall be daily renewed;
Awake! and new faith shall inspire;
Awake! and fresh courage your hearts shall revive
Your bosoms shall glow with new fire.

O give of your substance, ye lords of the land,
Whose coffers with treasures are filled;
O give of your goods as your God hath bestowed,
Your silver, O cheerfully yield!

For the day is approaching when Jesus shall rule,
Triumphant o'er city and plain;
When the isles of the ocean, in love shall bow down,
And exult in Immanuel's reign.

With courage undaunted then hold on your way,
Though events may at times appear dark,
Expecting the sunbeam to break from the cloud,
And the billows grow calm 'neath your bark.

And dedicate body and spirit anew,
To the service and honor of Him,
Before whom the kings of the earth are as worms,
And the lustre of gold appears dim.

THE "DAYSPRING."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Luke 16: 15. "And lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 20.

The following lines were composed on the morning of the departure of the "Dayspring" from Halifax, and presented to one of the Missionaries on board.

Go! with a people's blessing on thee, go!
A greater love no human heart can know;
For thee, a people's fervent prayers ascend;—
May Jacob's God thy precious life defend!

Although for thee our parting tears may fall—
For love, as strong as death, can conquer all—
Although soft sympathy her empire holds,
Bright hope's broad pennon floats in waving folds,

And songs of praise to Zion's God arise,
Sweet strains that ring, triumphant to the skies.
The "Dayspring," well equipped for service, comes,
And faithful hearts go forth from Christian homes,

To bear the word of life to darkened souls,
Where cloudy blackness round the region rolls.
Go! tell the gospel story; raise thy voice;
And heathen lands shall yet in light rejoice!

Go! plant the glorious standard of the cross,
And cheer the souls that sit in darkness gross:
Go! build the temple of the Lord Most High,
And snatch, from woe, thy brother, doomed to die.

Farewell! ye noble, firm, and trusting band;
For Christ ye leave your loved, your native land;
Be His strong arm your guide, your shield and stay,
And safely keep your souls when far away!

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE "DAY-SPRING" FROM HALIFAX.

Solemn and deep were the tones that arose,—
  Sweetly they broke on the moistened air,
With a plaintive sound, from the lips of those
  Who met in that cabin for parting prayer.

The story of Paul and his sorrowing friends
  Was told, in a faltering tone, by one
Who well sympathized in the sorrow that lends
  A shade to the hour when sister and son

Bid a final adieu to the land of their birth,
  And, readily taking their lives in their hands,
With a message of love to the dark ones of earth,
  Make haste to unbind from the captive his bands,

In the region where smiles not the Christian abode;
  Where the tale of the cross is unuttered, and they,
Who seek but to scatter rich blessings abroad,
  Oft mingle full soon with the clods and the clay.

Yet they shrink not to meet the white crest of the wave,
They fear not the tempest,—the storm may not harm;
But, trusting in Jesus, their spirits, so brave,
Are free from all terror and restless alarm.

The prayers of the faithful ascend for her weal;
To God they devoutly commend the loved band,
As they step from her deck, nor attempt to conceal
The tear of regret, as they drop the dear hand

That may never again be encircled in theirs
With the grasp of affection and brotherly love;
But the hearts of their country, in faith's fervent prayers,
Go with them, and bear them to mansions above.

Yet we joy to behold the trim bark on the tide,
That the lambs of the fold, with their mites, have procured,
As gaily she flits o'er the ocean so wide,
And her burden becomes to the waters inured.

Three brides have gone forth in that well freighted ship;
And may joy unalloyed ever shine on their lot;

May no blast of adversity meet them, to nip
The sweet blossoms that blow round the far distant spot,

Where they rear their new homes in the isles of the sea,
Where they labor for Jesus, with hearts undismay'd,
Where the captive, now fettered, ere long, shall go free,
And rejoice, in the robes of the Christian array'd.

Then welcome! ye heralds of gladness and light,
To those regions of horror, of death, and despair;
May the gloom be dispersed, and the foe put to flight
By the tale that ye tell, and the name that ye bear!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. GEDDIE AND LADY, ON THEIR REVISITING THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY, AFTER A SOJOURN OF SIXTEEN YEARS ON THE ISLAND OF ANIETUEM.

Welcome! Thrice welcome to your own loved lands:
A thousand hearts rejoice to clasp your hands!

Let twice ten thousand voices rise in songs
Of praise to God, to whom all praise belongs!
In darkness, doubt, and fear your work began,
As ye unfolded free salvation's plan,
And held, with love, before the savage eye,
The glorious truth, that sinners may not die,—
That the free, deathless spirit God has given,
May find its final resting place in heaven,
And calm itself, in peace, before His throne,
When this terrestrial scene is passed, and gone!
Say, will your rest, in bliss, be aught less sweet,
That Polynesia's daughters round you meet,
And ask of you, to point to realms above,
Where ransomed souls rejoice in Jesus' love;
Where tyrants cannot come, nor slavery's chains;
Where sweet repose forever more remains?
Ah no, for, sure, the great reward is thine,
Our blessed Lord vouchsafes, in love divine,—
Give one weak saint a cup of water, cold,
And thy reward transcends the brightest gold!
The Prince of Peace, in mercy, opes the door,
And bids the sad rejoice forevermore!
Soon shall the wilds, where thorns and thistles grow,
Be changed to verdant fields, where roses blow;
The feeble one, become an army, strong;
And richest spoils of earth, to God belong!

Again ye go! Then keep your watch-tower, still,
And sound the gospel trump, o'er plain and hill,
Till slumbering nations hear the joyous peal,
And wake to light, and life, with glowing zeal;
And still prolong the earnest, pleading tone,
Till idol worship shall no more be known,
And heathen rites, (forever cast away,)
Give place to the Messiah's glorious day.
Then, fare ye well! till, blest, in realms above,
We meet to talk of Christ's Eternal Love;
To wave the victor's palm, and strike the lyre,
To notes of joy, that shall no more expire!

Charlottetown, August 21, 1865.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. CAMERON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccles. 9: 1.

Yes! twenty years have on this dreamy head
Their cloudy mists and glancing sunbeams shed,
Now, dimmed with tears, and now, in smiles arrayed,
Have cast alternate folds of light and shade,

Since I, a little, shrinking, ghost-like child,
On whom no well-pleased pedagogue e'er smiled,
Beheld thy pale, serene, and thoughtful face
Our portal cross, and light illume the place.
'Twas on our little Island's wooded shore,
Where wild winds sport at will, and breakers roar;
'Twas where a youthful throng thy interest drew,
And childhood's guileless features met thy view;
'Twas where a member of that toiling race
Who occupy an all-important place,
Whose work is planting learning's early root,
And "teaching young ideas how to shoot."
A care-worn pilgrim taught the village school
(Where oft the youthful sage is termed a fool).
'Twas his to check the whispered thought of guile,
And truth reward with genial word and smile;
'Twas his to point the wavering youthful mind
To virtue's sweet reward, with accents kind.
But he was one of scarce a charm possessed,
And by the grace of charity unblest;
Whose eye was quick each trivial fault to scan,
And sought in youth what scarce is found in man;
A being nature never had designed
To parley with the young immortal mind;
But, by some sad mischance, his footing missed,
And gained a spot where he could scarce subsist.

Much to be mourned indeed the sad mistakes
In placing men, that, sometimes, fortune makes.
'Twas strangly sad, yet true as it was strange,
He often soared above the little range
Of his confused ideas, and *sublime*
His *lucidations* grew from time to time,
Discoursing themes as clearly understood
By roving Indian in the tangled wood.
And heavy were the tasks he oft imposed,
And *deep* the *philosophic* truths disclosed.
But wondrous strange it seems to you and me,
And ever must a cause of marvel be,
That planets of such magnitude and power
Should scarce emit one ray, from hour to hour,
To light the darkness of the untutored mind,
Or charm the soul from wishes unrefined.
His vain pretence was to disclose to view
The light his own dark vision never knew.
And weary grew our spirits, day by day,
And tardily the moments crept away,
Till you, blest man of God, one morn, appeared,
And all our little round of sorrows cheered.
And wide were opened large and curious eyes,
That on the stranger gazed with glad surprise.
And gentle, tender, earnest words he spoke:
But they had power to sever Satan's yoke.

He told us life had pain, and toil, and care;
And bade us for its wintry days prepare.
He told us youth was thoughtless, glad, and free;
But hours would come when thus it would not be,
When sad experience, oft too dearly bought,
Her stern, but salutary, lessons taught;
When we would mourn, as treasures lost and gone,
These misspent moments, then forever flown;
Our bosoms filled with cankering, vain regret,
The wretched past forbidding to forget;
Then would we wish, with thoughts of bitter pain,
And vainly wish we were but young again!
And clearly see we had been worse than mad,
To slight the early day of grace we had.
He asked us, one and all, to look on high
To Him who rules the earth and starry sky,
And He would send His angels, pure and good,
To walk with us through life's lone solitude.
And now, though twenty years have passed away,
It seems but as the morn of yesterday
When, all my youthful heart within me stirred,
I gazed in silence, and drank in the word.
And ne'er since then that warning could forget,
But, like a voice from God, I hear it yet;
And see that graceful form, and earnest face,
And feel a hallowed presence fill the place.

For, like the solemn sounding of the sea,
That voice possessed a thrilling tone for me,
That breathed a rapture o'er my inmost soul,
And through its secret chambers sweetly stole;
That fostered love and hope,—that banished fear,
That hushed the sigh, and dried the falling tear;
That sealed the firm resolve to nobly fight
Against all wrong, and well defend the right.
An aim—an end—a purpose then, in life,
Before me fixed, I boldly waged the strife
Against all error—and, as daily food,
From out the evil strove to cull the good.
And never yet had cause to cease, or rue
The doing what he nobly bade us do.
Yes! saintly man, of spiritual mind,
Could I but hear, once more, those accents kind,
I'd clasp thy hand, and tell thee how the bread,
Thy faithful hand upon the waters shed
Full twenty years ago, has now been found,
And flourishes upon productive ground,
And brings forth fruit, full many hundred fold,
More precious, far, than rubies, gems, or gold.
Then ne'er forget to feed the little lamb,—
Peculiar treasure of the great I AM,—
And angel eyes will, beaming, look on thee,
And thy reward, in heaven, most precious be.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. ISAAC MURRAY,

In remembrance of a discourse delivered at Cavendish, May 19, 1850, from Matt. 5: 4.

O faithful shepherd of a gentle flock,
Who weekly gather round thee, and, enchained
By thy loved voice, hear Israel's consolation poured
Forth from thy gracious lips, and see truth's bright
And peerless diamond well disclosed!
Pause but a moment, for a faint echo
Of thy sweet consoling strain comes stealing o'er
The unruffled deep, and seeks thy listening ear.
The hush of night is on the water now;
The white moon rides forth gloriously, and pours
A flood of silver light across its burnished breast;
And the dark foliage of the silent wood
Hangs motionless, as though the least flutter
Would disturb the still beauty of the scene.
An eye that oft has met thy keenest glance,—
An ear that has full oft been bowed to catch
Thy most persuasive tone, now gazes on
This rapturous scene,—now hears, though waves
divide,
That ever cherished voice proclaim, in strains

That waft the soul on wings of faith to heaven,—
"Ye who have steeped your souls in sorrow's cup,—
Ye shall be comforted!"

Yes! when the night was dark, and lone, and chill,
And the poor, tired feet stumbled from the way,
And the arch Tempter came, and sought to blind
The light of truth divine, and make it change
To grossest darkness; when the sad heart knew
No cheering ray, and racking thought oppressed
The brain, thy words were, then, the soothing balm;
Thou didst the cheering cordial pour, in sweet
Libations on the weary, wounded heart.
Then were the dark and dismal clouds dispersed,
And a glad spirit sprang to life, and soared,
On joyous wing, above the heavy mist
That darkened all the land. And who shall stay
Its flight in time, or bid it cease to sing?
Shall he, who poured into the thirsty soul
The healing draught of Gilead's sweetest balm,
Forbid its grateful song of praise to rise?
No! not the voice that gave it light and life,
And bade it ever, evermore rejoice!

Bedford Basin, August 23, 1863.

AN ECHO.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Matt. 5, 4.

O promise sweet to poor and feeble man,
Whose life, at best, is but a little span,
Made up of sorrows, wishes, partings, tears,
That cast their gloom o'er all his earthly years!
His frail breath like a fleeting vapour flies,
He lives—he weeps— he hopes—he strives—he dies!
His brief career seems lately but begun
When he beholds, surprised, life's sands quite run;
And, putting off his armour, with a sigh,
That he so soon must lay him down to die,
He cries, "Alas! how little have I done:
How little learned of aught beneath the sun!"
And all his human nature sadly mourns,
As earth to earth, and dust to dust returns.
Poor, creeping worm! Yet fired by passion's rage,
From petted childhood, up to doating age,
Subjected to innumerable toils,—
Fireside disputes, and jarring party broils;
His strifes begin in boyhood's heedless day,
And cease not, till his breath has passed away;
Begin with marbles, tops, and kites, at school,
Where play and warfare oft, alternate, rule.

Some evil quickly learn; some choose the good;
Some, craft, and guile; some, intellectual food.
A little world, in miniature, are they,
Each, striving for the mastery, in his way;
Each little foot, to tread his fellow down,
Upraised, with menace, wrath, and frown;
Each little hand to strike the ready blow:
And, thus, from youth to riper age, they go;
None asking who gave him the special right
To wound, quell, conquer, kill, or fight.
Some mount the pulpit; some the stage;—some mix
In deadly feuds; and some in politics:
All hope to gain, on earth, a bright renown,
And all expect to wear, in heaven, a crown;
Forgetting that the deeds, which, here, they do,
Must seal their fate,—and God is true.
That the hereafter, here, is but begun,
Nor who lives well, in dying, is undone,
But simply to perfection passes on,
To where full light, and brighter glories dawn.
Death only purifies and quite refines
The metal that in life but dimly shines.
Death is the pickaxe that must pierce the stone,
Where only baser metals outward shone,
But held, within its close and firm embrace,
A gem, well worthy of a nobler place;

A gem that destined is to glance and shine
Upon the coronet of love divine.
A gem that claims, on earth, His tender care,
The universal Monarch deigns to wear!
Though once a poor inhabitant of clay,
Vexed with the toils of life's all-troubled day,
And fretted with a thousand nameless woes
That end in nature's last expiring throes.
Such is the little drama of our life;
Such the experience of husband, wife,
Child, father, mother, brother, sister, friend;—
All the long catalogue of ties must end
In this that stills the heart, and stops the breath,—
This dread, inexplicable thing, called death!
Nor insect, elephant, thyself, nor I,
From this all-potent spell, have power to fly;
We wait the hour that bids the mandate go,
That, with the crawling worm shall lay us low!
But O, thrice happy is our favored lot,
Though, by the much loved voice of fame, forgot,
If, when the awful day of reckoning comes,—
And kind humanity must rear our tombs,—
Attendant angels, joyous, round us wait,
And white winged seraphs ope the crystal gate;
And he, who once, on Calvary's cursed tree,
Washed off the stains from rebels such as we.

His once pierced hand, wide opens, and extends,
And leads us forth to joy that never ends.
He, who forever put the spoiler down,
Forever hears the harp, and wears the crown,
Forever loves who loved his name below,
And laurels gives, that ever brighter grow;
While blood-bought spirits, day and night,
Cry "Holy! holy! holy!"—and the sight,
Entranced, enraptured, dwells in endless light.
Oh, many things are here to make us mourn,
To bring the heavy sigh, the look forlorn;
To crush the youthful spirit, and to shroud
The hopeful heart in sorrow's dismal cloud;
To teach the buoyant mind that hope must die,
And chase the light from pleasure's beaming eye.
Thus, discipline, in disappointment's school,
Conveys a lesson to each wayward fool,
When remedies, more palatable, fail,
And thoughtless follies, o'er the mind prevail.
Oh, then we drink the bitter draught, and mourn;—
And giddy smiles no more the lips adorn,
But, sober thought, our chastened bosoms fill,
And reason bids the beating heart be still;
Then the consoling Comforter comes down,
And balmy peace supplants the angry frown.

We mourn the loss of true, devoted friends,
Whose converse, to our hearts, sweet solace lends;
Whose sympathy and counsel lift the mind
From dreary thoughts, that leave a gloom behind;
Whose high-toned wisdom elevates the soul,
And keeps the grosser passions in control.
Death comes and quickly snatches them away,
And thick clouds darken all our summer day.
The clasping vine is from the tall oak torn,
And all the goodly trees of Carmel mourn.
But, as the gentle spring's reviving dawn
Sheds life and beauty o'er the naked lawn,
So heavenly comfort from above descends,
And fills the heart made void by parting friends.
We mourn the hours in wasting sickness spent,
And ill repress the rising discontent,
Unwillingly endure the racking pain,
Too prone, o'er ills, to murmur and complain;
And scarce forbear to boldly question why
Such heavy burdens on our shoulders lie.
Ah, we may rest asured 'tis for our good,
For hearts like ours must wholly be subdued;
Each carnal wish, and every little sin
Be quite displaced ere Christ will enter in.
'Tis, therefore, to advance this gracious end
Great God is pleased these chastisements to send;

The stubborn heart bows down beneath the rod,
Forsakes the thorny path that once it trod,
Acknowledges a Father's hand divine,
And rays of light celestial round him shine;
The oil of joy for heaviness is given,
And garments beauteous as the robes of heaven.
We mourn the many errors of mankind,
The heart of prejudice, the judgment blind,
The will perverted, and the conscience seared,
The mind, by truth's refulgent light, uncheered,
The love bestowed on paltry things of earth,
The value placed on trifles little worth,
The lack of true and fervent Christian zeal,
The mockery of feigning what we do not feel;
The many wounds our blessed Lord receives
Among his friends;—for these our spirit grieves.
O righteous Father, hear our suppliant cry;
Thy saving grace withhold not, or we die!
O loving Saviour, hear our plaintive prayer,
Nor cast us from thy tender watchful care!
Each penitential tear to thee is known,
Each sore temptation, too, was once thine own.
Thou see'st our sorrow, see'st our every sin,
See'st the dark secrets of the heart within;
Thou know'st we daily, hourly, deeply mourn,
And say'st again, "Ye sons of men return!

Return from wandering vainly to and fro,—
Return from everlasting death and woe;
Return from bearing Satan's heavy yoke;
Return, and cease my spirit to provoke;
Return, and pardon, peace, and life are yours;
Return, while yet long-suffering grace endures;
Before your callous hearts are turned to stone,
And, to your idols joined, are left alone.
Then will ye deeply wail, and weep, and mourn—
Ye erring spirits, oh! return, return!"
Thou, gentle Jesus, ne'er didst cast away
The trusting soul that dared to humbly pray.
O! send, we plead, thy Holy Spirit down,
Asunder break those hardened hearts of stone,
Pierce through those souls as with a two edged sword,
Till all from idols turn, and serve the Lord;
Till all, who now in Satan's bondage mourn,
Be free: and nations in a day be born.
We mourn our unbelief, our doubting scorn,—
And bless the day the lowly Babe was born.
We mourn our smouldering love, our hateful pride,—
And bless the day a dear Redeemer died.
We mourn our lack of will to love our foes,
And bless the glorious morn a Saviour rose,
Triumphant from the yeilding, bursting tomb;
Behold! behold a mighty conqueror come!

Death and the grave no longer captive hold
That form divine, by sinners bought and sold;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye wretched ones forlorn;
Put on your gorgeous robes, and cease to mourn!
Let loud hosannas to high heaven ring;
O! celebrate anew your risen King!
Let Zion's weeping daughters catch the strain,
And the full, pealing anthem swell amain!
Ye who have hung your harps on willow trees,
And breathed your sorrows to the sighing breeze,
Whose tears have mingled with the gurgling rills,
Whose moanings sounded through the solemn hills;
Awake at early dawn, arise and sing,
In strains of triumph, to your mighty King!
While angels, joyous, clap their golden wings,
And every saint in heaven triumphant sings,
Shall we, for whom this glorious Being died,
Against him raise the puny arm of pride?
Shall we, whom he has saved from death and hell,
The wondrous tale of love forget to tell?
Shall we, the creatures by his bounty fed,
Forget the hand that all our footsteps led?
Shall we such vile ingratitude display,
And scorn our benefactor, day by day?
Forbid it heaven! forbid it filial love!
Forbid it all ye shining throng above!

Forbid it all ye ransomed souls of men!
Forbid! forbid it! we repeat again.
Ye weeping multitude, that sigh and mourn,
Let songs employ your lips, let smiles adorn:
Aloud give praise and thanks, for God hath said—
And He is truth—"Ye shall be comforted!"

TO MY JUVENILE FRIENDS.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccles. 12: 1.

O! heedless, hopeful, trusting, buoyant youth,
With mind unsullied by the world's untruth,
While yet ye bask beneath a parent's smile—
While yet those love-tones all your woes beguile—
While round your form a noble arm is cast,
To shield from want, and sorrow's bitter blast;
O list the tale of Jesus' dying love,
And turn your youthful thoughts to realms above,
Ere stern necessity your time demands,
And bids ye ply, for bread, your busy hands!
While yet your hearts are innocent and warm,
While yet no cares disturb, or fears alarm,

While yet your souls are free from sordid thought,
Nor worshipped gold, at heavy cost, is bought;
While yet unseared by contact with a world,
Where vanity, with banner broad unfurled,
Her gaudy robes displays, to catch the eye,
And lure the soul to death, that cannot die.
Where, deeply steeped in sin's all-poisoned cup,
The soul no prayer for mercy, offers up;
But, like the famished one, that droops with thirst,
Drinks in iniquity like streams that burst
From fountains in a parched and withered land,
And grasped, in eager haste, by fevered hand.
While yet your yielding hearts have power to bend,
O! to the precious Word attention lend.
Remember thy Creator now in days of youth,
And hear the words of high Eternal Truth.
O treasure up, as gold, the sacred page,
The guide of erring youth, the solace of old age.
O call to mind thy Father's guardian care—
Bow down to dust, and daily thank Him there
For all his priceless gifts on thee bestowed
Since thy first step on life's eventful road;
Before the darkened days of evil come—
The sad presagers of a hopeless tomb;
Before the years of blighting woe draw nigh,—
Forerunners of the death the prayerless die,

When, from their wasted, shrivelled, crusted hearts,
The light of love, and joy, and hope departs;
When, in the sparkling eye, the lustre dies,
And groping darkness all its place supplies;
When tears of sorrow cease to ease the soul,
And lowering clouds, portentous, round it roll;
When feeble, palsied hands, their craft forget;
And limbs, once strong, in helpless weakness sit;
The voice, that once in tones of music pealed,
Be lost and gone; and lips in silence sealed,
That once had power to plead with eloquence,
And sway a multitude, in self-defence.
When dread alarm shall seize the tortured mind,
And terror's victim, comfort cease to find;
And all the dismal road that lies ahead
Be one dark waste of horror, fear, and dread.
The tiny grasshopper a heavy burden seem,
And all desire of earth, a sickly dream.
For this poor body to the dust goes down,
And weeping mourners tread the burial ground.
Before the silver cord of life is loosed,
And mercy's latest messenger refused;
Before the golden bowl be broken down,—
The feeble frame to kindred ashes gone;
Before the pitcher at the fount be crushed,
And laid, in scattered fragments, in the dust;

The wheel beside the cistern cease to turn,
And all the mortal frame to earth return;
And that immortal part, by Godhead given,
Be called to stand before the bar of heaven,
And hear its sentence, ne'er to be revoked;
And sin and suffering be forever yoked;—
In an indissoluble union joined;
All hope shut out from sorrow's darkened mind,
A dread eternity of pain and grief,
To which the rolling years bring no relief;
But ceaseless ages, agonies renew,
And still fresh horrors rise upon the view;
The woe-worn spirit fitted to endure
The deathless worm whose poison knows no cure.
O better had the stubborn neck been bound
To granite rock, and in the deep been drowned,
Before the hand had power to stretch it forth,
Or yet the brain distinguish south from north;
Before the tongue could lisp, or fingers play,
Or footsteps roam to regions far away,—
O better had the innocence of youth,
In all its trusting faith and spotless truth,
To death's dark charnel house, at morn, gone down,
Ere long tried service made it Satan's own;
Than thou, O hoary headed, guilty man,—
A living blot since first thy walk began,—

Thine every act an insult to thy God,—
Thy speech a pestilence that flies abroad,
Infecting all who meet thy poison breath,—
Sad victims luring to the realms of death!
Than thou, with deeds of crime, fill up the span,
That gracious mercy gave to fallen man!
Than thou, to vile and despicable things,
Devote the hours that fly with tireless wings;
The hours that bear thee to thy last abode,
Debar thy wretched soul from hope, and God;
To agonize beneath the avenging hand
Of justice infinite, whose stern demand
Is perfect and complete conformity
To all the law— or else—forever die!
This law poor, lost, corrupted, fallen man
Has never kept on earth, or ever can;
But glory, praise, and thanks be ever given
To Him who sits, a glorious King, in heaven!
Who satisfied for us that broken law,
And stooped, our ruined souls from death to draw;
A door of mercy oped, and bade us come
To share with him an honored Father's home;
To soar on joyous wings the myriad stars above,
And bathe our souls in pure, celestial love.
O then ye artless, jocund, youthful throng,
Who gaily trip life's sunny slopes along,

5226B

We ask, beseech, implore you but to pause,
And look on death and woe—then ask the cause;—
One little word the question solves,—
Sin;— O the agony that word involves
The spirit in, that flees not from its power,
And cries to God in sore temptation's hour!
Then bring your tender hearts, with childhood's trust,
For little ones like you go down to dust;
And youthful lips like yours can ask and pray;
Then wherefore need you longer turn away
From mercy's tender, pleading, warning voice;
O why make sin, and death, and woe, your choice?
Your longing hearts seek happiness, as well
As they who tales of many years can tell;
Your quivering nerves as conscious are of pain;
Your throbbing hearts as anxious are to gain
Some resting place—some antidote for grief,
Some soothing balm—some cordial—some relief
From weary hours of pain, perhaps of toil,
From sorrow's wave, that breaks with wild turmoil.
The erring mind, that yet has power to think,
Beholds ahead the precipice's brink,
O'er which those reckless souls, that heedless stray
In sin's wide track—in crime's pernicious way—
The steep, o'er which the soul must, headlong, rush—
The jagged rock that must to atoms crush.

Then why go blindfold on toward the steep,
And plunge to endless ruin, dark and deep?
Why sacrifice your precious, deathless souls?
Why to your bosoms take the burning coals
Of everlasting torment, lo, while stands,
In attitude of pleading love, with hands
Outstretched, with tender tone, and soothing word,
Our wounded, suffering, bleeding, dying Lord?
For thee he wept—he prayed, on Calvary's hill,—
For thee he bleeds, he cries, he agonizes still,
If, having tasted once the heavenly gift,—
If once ye loved, but now that love have left,—
Impossible! —that word your sentence seals!
Impossible!—the gulph that word reveals!
Impossible, if ye shall fall away,—
Your love becoming hatred, day by day,—
That lost affection ever to restore;—
Avenging Justice cries for evermore,—
Demands the everlasting sacrifice,
And soon the soul, engulphed, in ruin lies.
Of hardened sinners, they the very chief,
Who pierce anew the son of God with grief;
Who probe afresh his deeply wounded side,
And shed, again, his life-blood's gushing tide;
Who heap new insult on his drooping head,
And lay his form, once more, among the dead!

Oh! youthful friends, beware of Judas' sin:
Avoid the fatal gulph he perished in.
His sad repentance came, alas! too late;—
Impelled him to a suicidal fate;
All hope debarring from his stricken mind;
Ahead, dark horror, keen remorse behind,
A dismal pall of woe eternal spread,
In horrid blackness, round his tortured head.
O, then, ye little straying lambs, draw nigh,
And hear kind Mercy's message ere ye die.
Your great Creator bids ye call to mind,—
Invites, with gentle tone, and accent kind,—
He bids you on your memories bear his love,
Before stern years your tenderness remove.
Enough, through days of heavy grief or care,
The burden of our feeble flesh to bear.
Enough, the endless round of pain and toil,
The world's unrest, its years of dark turmoil:
Enough, the disappointments, woes, and fears,
That sadly blend our hopes with bitter tears;
Enough, the many pangs the frame must bear,
The many ills each human heart must share;
Though calmed, supported, comforted they be,
By Him who seeth not as mortals see,
Though in possession of that heavenly peace
That lifts the soul to where its sorrows cease;

Enough to mar its rest,—its earthly joy,
Enough to canker and its love destroy;
The love, that, based on fading, earthly things,
No lasting bliss, no solid comfort brings.
Enough to bear, without the crushing load
The sinner groans beneath, who seeks not God.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21: 34.

Amid our strifes and trials, let us
Strive to enter in
Through the gate, to streets untrodden
By the Man of Sin.

There's a noble prize before us
We may all inherit;
Let us onward press to gain it,
With a dauntless spirit.

'Tis a treasure worth possessing;—
Decked with regal gems,
See, in yon celestial city,
Brilliant diadems!

Were those crowns for us provided?
Can we, sinners, dare,
With our faces still undaunted,
Answer, "Yes, they were?"

Lo! a glorious King is sitting
On His royal throne,
Hark, He answers, "Here are jewels,
Sinners, put them on.

Here are robes of purest whiteness;
Here are harps of gold;
Here are crowns of regal brightness;
Here are joys untold.

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
These are all for you:
Ye have fought the glorious battle,
Faithful, firm, and true.

Ye have scorned the world's follies,—
Scorned the oppressor's might;—

Come, then come, for ye are worthy
To walk with me in white.

Ye are free from all oppression—
Worst of all oppression, sin;
Welcome, good and faithful servants;
Joyfully enter in!

For I was once a stranger,
And pilgrim on the earth,
And scornfully rejected,
As one of meanest birth.

And when a lonely stranger,
Upon a world of sin,
Without a habitation,
Ye kindly took me in.

And when I was an hungered,
Ye also gave me meat;
Ye gave me an abundance
Of pleasant food to eat.

And when my feet were weary,
And sandals soiled with dust,
My throbbing head was aching,
My tongue was parched with thirst;

Ye brought me purest water;
Ye gave me wine to drink;
And quietly I rested
Beside your fountain's brink.

And when reduced to nakedness,
By poverty severe,
Ye gave me goodly raiment,
And garments fit to wear.

And when I lay in prison—
Within a dungeon dread—
And, languishing in sickness,
Had not where to lay my head;

Ye came in kind compassion
A stranger there to see,
To all my wants ye ministered,
And gave good gifts to me.

And they who sought to honor,
With deeds of love, my name,—
Who stooped to feed the hungry,
That, to their portals, came;

And comforted the weary,
Oppressed by poverty,—

Their deeds shall be rewarded,
As done through mine to me."

There the streams of living water
Circle round the shore;
There the Lamb, in all His glory,
Reigns forevermore.

There the Lord, the King of Zion,
He who dwells in light,
Shall banish sin and sighing
With his presence bright.

And of saints a glorious company
Shall come from east and west,
North and south shall yield their numbers
To mingle with the blest,

To walk in the refulgence
Of a full and radiant day,
And sorrow, pain, and sadness
Shall forever flee away.

These are they, his ransomed people,
Ransomed by his blood;
Pastures green are their possession,
Beyond the rolling flood.

Where thousands and ten thousands
Together shall sit down;
And each shall bless the Saviour
Who purchased him a crown.

TO MY BROTHER.

"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." Luke 14: 21.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Luke 14: 23.

Go where a thousand glistening eyes meet thine,
With deep and earnest gaze;
Go where a thousand voices swell the hymn—
The bursting hymn of praise.

Go tell them of a Saviour risen indeed,
And, on that glorious theme,
Dwell with the pathos or the fervent fire
Of some high prophet's dream.

Tell of a living, pleading, advocate,
With tender, earnest heart;

Tell them of Him, with grief acquainted well,
Who felt affliction's smart.

Though stricken, smitten, and afflicted sore,
He trod this vale of tears,
And spent, below, in grief, and fasting lone,
Thrice ten, long, mournful years.

But now, at the right hand of Majesty,
He sits enthroned on high;
While cherubim and seraphim before him fall,
And anthems fill the sky.

Go to the highways and the hedges dark—
The foulest haunts of sin—
And there, with voice of loudest eloquence,
Compel them to come in!

Tell them to come, for all things are prepared;
A plenteous table spread;
Tell them to come, and feast their famished souls
On true, and living bread.

Tell them of Jesus' dying love to men,
Who died for them and thee,
Who poured his life-blood out, and prayed for foes,
Expiring on the tree.

Go where the listless mariner awaits
The rising breeze and tide,
To bear his heavy hull away, and fill
His canvas spreading wide.

Take thou his hardy hand within thine own
And catch his upturned eye,
And point it meekly, gravely up to heaven,
To mansions in the sky.

For great reward is truly promised them,
To whom the charge is given,
To preach the gospel in all ends of earth,—
Not here,—but O in heaven!

LINES,

On witnessing, when eight years of age, the rite of baptism administered by the late Rev. W. M'Gregor.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28: 19.

One morn—O well do I remember—
Though I was but a child—

All wraped in robes of snowy whiteness,
A dimpled cherub smil'd.

I saw the worthy, pious parent
That smiling cherub hold,
And claim, before the congregation,
For him the Saviour's fold.

Then slow the man of God descended,
And solemnly 'twas done,
And Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
The glorious Three in One,

Were named above the guileless infant,
And Daniel was his name;
Aud reverently that holy father
Aloud pronounced the same.

He prayed—and O how earnestly—
That when that little child
To manhood sprung, he well might face
A world so dark and wild.

And, "O that he might be a Daniel,
In heart, in word, and deed;
And satisfy, from living fountains,
The spirit's deepest need."

And now that aged one, and feeble,
Has left the haunts of men,
And sleeps beneath a quiet moss-hill,
For he was hoary then.

But Daniel lives,—and O God grant
That that baptismal prayer,
Poured out so long and fervently
O'er that young head so fair,

May answered be abundantly!
And O may God's own fire,
And His own word, and gospel love
His heart and soul inspire;

That he may walk this sinful world
Without a stain or blot;
And, "O that he might be a Daniel!"
That prayer I ne'er forgot.

THE SUPPER.

"This do in remembrance of me." Luke 22: 19.

Is there joy, unalloyed, for one moment allowed us,—
One hour of delight, save in heaven above?
O yes!—'tis that season of heart soothing solace,
When Christ, with his banner of peace waving o'er us,
Invites us to come to his table of love.

O then can we cast every sorrow behind us,
And trample each earth-gotten care;
And deem it our highest, our noblest honor
To come to the banquet the King hath provided,
And sup with the company there.

To gaze on our Lord, as he comes in his glory,
And takes by the table his stand;
To hear his sweet accents of heart-melting kindness,
Bequeathing us pardon, and peace, and salvation:
And take the blest bread from His hand.

And beholding the King in his glorious beauty,
Who left his bright mansion on high,
And came to redeem a lost race from perdition:
Who stooped to be born in a lowly condition,
And willingly offered to die,

That we, through His death, might inherit a kingdom,
A crown, and a sceptre of might;
And dwell in Immanuel's palace for ever,
In robes of his righteousness, gleaming with pearls,
In realms of the purest delight.

Then loud let the anthem be swelled in His honor
Who spread this rich banquet of wine;
Who prepared, in the wilderness, food for His children;
Who cherished and led them, and soon will translate them
To mansions of glory divine!

THE BURIAL GROUND.

O stranger, step gently, O light be thy tread,
For here lie, in silence, the slumbering dead!

Here parent and child, sister, friend, and loy'd brother,
All cold, and all passionless now,
In mute, deep forgetfulness, silently moulder;
Each eyelid fast sealed, and like marble each brow.

All voiceless and still, without breathing or sound,
The pale nations rest, that are under the ground.

Yes, silent and calm will the sleepers sleep on,
Unmolested by life's troubled wave;
No wailing of sorrow, no sound can disturb
The unbroken repose of the grave,

Till the last trumpet's sound bid corruption and gloom
Spring forth to fresh life from the dust of the tomb.

TO MISS M——.

This world is a world of sighs and tears,
Though many bright scenes surround us;
Though gorgeous and gay be the sunset cloud,
Yet the darkness of night steals around us.

Though the morning of life may be brillant with hope,
And friends promise friendship for ever;
Yet how oft do we find but a cold trustless heart,
And bonds of our union must sever.

And the heart that is lit by affection's glow,
The purest, the best, the most cherished,
How oft has the stern cruel spoiler laid low,
And the dearest have earliest perished.

And countless millions go down to death,
Where legions, in conflict, gather,
When man meets man in his furious wrath,
And each sheds the blood of his brother.

Methinks 'tis an awful, awful thing,
To yield up the trembling spirit,
Where nought but slaughter and carnage reigns,
And the slain, 'neath the slain lie buried!

Is it meet that the sounds on the dying ear
Be the roar of the dreadful cannon,
The groans of the tortured victims who bleed,
And the clang of each deadly weapon?

Can the soul be calm amid scenes like these?
Can it pass to another world
Serene and tranquil, and well prepared
To enter the gates empearled?

Oh! is it a fit preparation they make,
As they rush to eternity on,

To stand with the saints in their robes of light,
Or to gaze on the great white throne?

Can the Saviour look down from His blest abode,
And smile on such scenes as those,
That hurry immortal beings to death,
And deluge the earth with woes?

Ah! no, for his reign is a reign of peace;—
Would to God that His Kingdom might come,
His name be proclaimed from sea to sea,
And each wanderer be welcomed home,

When his banner of love shall o'erspread the world,
And his conquering armies go,
Like a mighty, a glorious triumphing band,
To rescue from sin and woe.

When the still small voice of his tender love
Calling fervently, "Ho, every one
That thirsteth, come to the waters,—drink—
Yes—freely—freely come."

When that soothing voice shall be answered back
By the loud and bursting peal
Of a thousand nations, echoing forth
What their ransomed spirits feel.

And the shout that comes from the heathen lands
  Who have heard that the Saviour died
Shall be, "Worthy! worthy the glorious Lamb,
  The Lamb once crucified!

To him be glory, and honor, and power,
  And blessing, and riches given;
To him who has vanquished death and sin—
  An exalted Prince in heaven."

And nought that is vile shall pollute the earth;
  But "the Isles each one rejoice;"
And the ransomed people of God shall sing
  With a loud and cheerful voice.

Cavendish, July, 1855.

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

I met thee as a stranger,
  Yet I loved thee as a friend;
And, with feelings warm and trusting,
  On thy truth I did depend.

We conversed with glowing tenderness
Of all we held most dear;
And a something in thy converse
Did my lonely spirit cheer.

We talked of things most sacred,
With feelings deep and strong;
And I deemed thee as a kindred spirit,
Whose heart was fresh and young.

I listened to thy pleasant tales,
Thy memories of the past;
And grieved to know that hours so joyous—
So precious, may not last.

I have heard thee tell of sunshine,
Of days of quiet calm,
When thy free unbroken spirit
Drank nought but sweetest balm.

When nature smiled around thee,
With beams so glad and free;
And each returning morrow
Brought pleasant thoughts to thee.

But the coming day of sorrow
Sweet smiles may not avert,—

And the smile is oft the brightest
That hides a broken heart.

I have heard thee tell of darkness,
Of days and nights of pain,
When thy heavy, gloomy spirit
Longed to be free again.

I have heard thee tell of trials,
To the world all unknown,
When highest hopes were blighted,
And brightest dreams were flown.

I have heard thee tell of falsehood,
Of friendship unreturned,
Of cold ingratitude from those
To whom thy spirit turned.

I have heard thee tell of malice,
Of cruel mocking scorn,
How years of happiness were marred
By one false speaking tongue.

And our hearts seemed knit together,—
Such sympathy of thought,—
Such perfect oneness of idea
I long had vainly sought.

And I asked a blessing on thee,—
My own, my cherished friend,—
That the lovely Rose of Sharon
Might on thy steps attend.

For I felt for thee a feeling,
So deep, so warm, and true,
That only hearts of tender moulding
This feeling ever knew.

'Twas a friendship that exalted
And enriched the heavenly mind,
A pure ecstatic feeling,
In heaven above refined.

And weeping in thy sadness,—
Rejoicing in thy smile,
Oh! many winter evenings
Thy presence did beguile.

My soul knew not suspicion,—
I would not wound my friend
By doubting that sincerity
She did so much commend.

And happy days passed o'er us—
The sunny days of youth—

While I placed the fullest confidence
In her unerring truth.

But dark clouds gathered round me,
Most dismal to behold;
And a storm descended on me,
All heavily and cold.

A chrushing weight o'erwhelmed me,
And laid my spirit low
In sorrow's dreary cavern—and
My friend had dealt the blow!

Yes! though my best affections
Around that friend were twined,
She coldly, deeply injured me,—
Oh! was not this unkind!

And every outraged feeling
Most keenly felt the smart;
And cruel was the shaft that pierced
My wounded, bleeding heart.

Ah! why hast thou made this return
For all my love to thee?
I would not thus have poisoned
Thy cup of bliss for thee.

O hast thou ever felt the grief
That parches every vein,
When a blow so unexpected
Deals out the heavy pain?

For, if thou hadst not been my friend,
Then this I could have borne;
Nor thought it strange that thou should'st pierce
My pillow with a thorn.

But oh! my friend! that thou should'st come,
All stealthily, by night,
And place thy dagger in my breast,—
Then take thy secret flight.

Who would endure such traitorous deed?
Whose soul would not recoil
Back from the poisonous breath of one
So treacherous and vile?

Yet deem not that I hate thee now,
No! though this heart must change,
My soul knows not the feeling, or
The spirit, of revenge.

But I gaze upon thee sadly,
As one who once was dear;

And scarce can realize the change
That made us what we are;

That made us meet as strangers,
Colder than we first met,
All callous and unloving;
And part without regret.

For the bark that once is shivered,
No more may stem the wave:
And confidence, *once broken*,
Sinks to its silent grave.

So now, though deeply chastened,
I will not deeply mourn;
Nor wish one vanished moment back,
That never may return.

But, waiting for the teaching
The Holy Spirit gives,
I'll seek that blissful region
Where truth forever lives.

TO A TRUE FRIEND.

I met thee oft, amidst a throng
Of smiling youths and maidens;
But no bright smile was there more kind,
No voice of softer cadence.

And swiftly passed the pleasant hours,
That drew our hearts together,
Like golden beams, on silver streams,
In summer's gladsome weather.

But now we part; and one request
I breathe in language tender,—
When you and I are severed wide,
Remember, O remember!

Though other eyes may on me beam,
Though other ties may bind me,
Though changing seasons o'er me roll,
Unchanging they shall find me.

In friendship's true and lasting bonds,
No change—no time can sever;
The bonds uniting Christians here
Shall bind the heart for ever.

TO ROXANA.

The following lines were addressed to a lady unknown to the writer, save by her reported kindness to an absent brother.

Sweet lady! Thou whose gentle graces
Have cast a halo bright
Around thy path, to gild each footstep
With calm and heavenly light.

O lend thy gentle ear, and listen,
While, from a fervent heart,
I pour on thee a sister's blessing;
And feel the tear-drop start,

O hadst thou e'er a loving brother,
To whom thy fond heart clung
With all the deep-felt tenderness
Of bosoms warm and young?

And hast thou seen that noble brother
Go from his native land;
And felt the parting grasp grow stronger
Of that loved brother's hand?

Then thou hast known the darksome cloud,
And shadows deep like these
Have sadly sunk around thy heart,
Like frost on Autumn leaves.

And hast thou heard of gentle strangers
Who took that brother home,
And set him down, in quiet comfort,
Within their sacred dome?

And quickly guessed his wants and wishes,
And gracefully supplied
Whate'er the stranger youth had asked,
And many things beside.

And how a mother's gentle kindness
Was all on him bestowed;
And how the pleasant hours swept onward,
Within that loved abode.

And hast thou longed to see that stranger,
And longed to clasp the hand
That took thy brother home, and blessed him
When in a foreign land.

Then thou hast seen the sunbeam smile,—
Emotions sweet like these

Have glowed within thy grateful heart,
Like beams on summer trees.

Charlottetown, March 16, 1862.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TO MR. R——, SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A happy New Year! My worthy friend!
I wish you a happy New Year!
May the year eighteen hundred and sixty and three
Bring happiness, health, and good cheer!

Unclouded, the glorious sun in the east,
With his brilliancy tinting the sky,
As he looks on a world just emerging from sleep,
Sheds a wealth of bright beams from his eye.

We'll sing a sweet hymn on this bright merry morn;
We'll greet all the friends we hold dear;
And our enemies too—if there be any such—
Let us wish them a happy New Year!

Is there work to be done in this opening year?
Is there room for activity still?
O yes, there is room, there's a sphere for us all,
To strive, and to work, if we will.

Then hastily seizing each moment that flies,
Let us try to redeem our lost time;
Resolving that henceforth we'll live not in vain,
And waste not the days of our prime.

Then forward, still forward, we'll march on our way,
Still onward and upward arise,
Till the spirit no longer shall cleave to the clay,
But soar to its home in the skies.

Come, spirit immortal, thine anthem begin,
Ere they call thee and bear thee away;
Begin the glad song, in this region below,
That shall ring through the portals of day!

For the song that we know thou'lt eternally sing,
Perhaps its high theme may inspire
Some poor drooping spirit, now fainting and low,
And fill with celestial desire.

For thou know'st not what good from thy one act may
flow,
Extending through ages to come,
How that influence still shall be traversing on,
When thy race of existence is run.

When thy form shall be mouldering low in the dust,
And thy lips in death's silence be dumb,
Still thy words, and thine actions for ever shall live,
And speak with an eloquent tongue.

Then, ye stewards, I warn you, beware of your time,
For a faithful account ye must give
Of each moment so precious, each talent received,
While your days of probation ye live.

And when we look back on the year that is past,
Though evil some days may have been,
Yet many good gifts we have surely received,—
Peace, rest, food, and raiment we've seen.

Then let us, with spirits in unison glad,—
While seraphs all-joyous give ear,—
In concert unite, with harmonious delight,
And, with thanksgiving, hail the New Year!

FAREWELL.

The following lines were addressed to the pupils in attendance at the Provincial Training Seminary, Truro, at the close of the session ending March, 1863.

There's a word that comes, with a murmuring tone,
From the depths of the quivering heart,
As the hour flits by, with a tear, and a sigh,
That bids the loved friend depart.

And a pathos deep does that word call forth,
That the faltering tongue may not tell;
And who has not felt on his spirit a weight,
As he uttered that word, "Farewell"?

And now, as the mournful hour draws nigh,
That scatters us far and wide,
Ah, who need marvel if eyes brim up
With sympathy's swelling tide?

As the solemn thought to the heart comes home,
Bringing a throb of pain,
That *never more*, on the shores of time,
Shall we all meet together again.

But an earnest voice is calling aloud;
And we hear it solemnly say,—
"Night cometh apace, when none can work;—
Then work while 'tis called to-day."

Go, fasten your armour securely on;
Courageously march to the field;
Let Faith, Salvation, and Righteousness
Be your breastplate, helmet, and shield.

And boldly attack the strongly built forts
Of ignorance, folly, and crime;
And look for reward at the farther side
Of the billowy tide of time,

Where the victor his armour with joy lays down,
In honor for ever to dwell;
And laurels of glory encircle the brow,
Undimmed by that word, "Farewell."

AUTUMN.

Written at the age of fourteen.

O'er the dark waters of the troubled deep,
The billows tumble to and fro,
And o'er its heaving bosom, broad and blue,
The waves in wild confusion flow.

See how they leap and play around yon rock;
Then bound, the glistening pebbles o'er;
Hark, how they roar, with hoarse and hollow sound,
And dash upon the rocky shore.

Mark yonder noble bark, tossed by the waves,
How gallantly she dashes on;
Beneath her prow the rushing breakers foam,—
She heaves—she rolls—then scudds along.

Tempestuous winds are howling in the sky,
With mournful, deep, and wailing sound;
The blast sweeps through the yellow trees—they bow—
Their withered foliage strews the ground.

Yon garden, lately hung with luscious fruits,
And decked with gorgeous-tinted flowers,

Now stands in naked ruins, lone and waste;
Gone are its blossoms, bleak its bowers.

No more, at evening, when the twilight dim
Draws her grey mantle o'er the sky;
Or, when pale Cynthia sheds her silver light,
And murmuring breezes whisper by,—

No more we'll wander with delighted eye,
When all is silent and serene;
No more enjoy the golden sunset hour,
To gaze upon the lovely scene.

All, all the sweets of Summer now are fled;
The wild flowers, blooming in their pride,
Are rudely swept away by piping winds,
And, eddying, scatter far and wide.

Thus, graceful youth and beauty fade and die,
And, shrouded in oblivion, sleep;
As parted fragments of the rifted wreck
Are strown and sunken in the deep.

Yet joyous Spring's delightful gales shall blow,
And bud and blossom deck the bough;
And beauteous forms shall burst the darksome clods
That wrap their mouldering ashes now.

FLORENCE.

The story of Florence was written at the age of fifteen. The incidents which called it forth were as follow:—The privilege having been granted me of joining an elder sister, and a companion, with whom she was intimate, on a stroll along the beach, I was permitted to listen to their confidential conversation; and availed myself of the opportunity of eagerly drinking in the accounts of the passing events of the day with which our friend entertained us for several hours. The most striking of these tales appeared, to my youthful fancy, to be a description of the rare personal attractions of a young stranger who had appeared in the village, won the affections of our friend, drawn her into an engagement, promising her wealth and rank, but—had *disappeared mysteriously*, and left her to awake to the rather unpleasant conviction that she had been duped by a heartless impostor. Filled with indignation at the recital of such cool rascality, I immediately seized my inexperienced pen, and, with childish hand, sketched the picture; which, now, though well aware of its errors and imperfections,—especially as respects the irregularity of the measure,—I venture to insert, in this collection of trifles, without any attempt at alteration or amendment.

Away in a region where corn fields grow yellow,
And clover-banks skirt the sea-side;
Where the redbreast, at eventide, warbles so mellow,
And green birches wave in their pride,

There dwelt a fair maiden, so mild and retiring,
So warm-hearted, gentle, and kind,
That a chord in my heart soon harmonious vibrated,
And sweet was the union of mind.

I sought her at evening, the hour of dim twilight,
Where often she wandered alone,
Indulging in pensive and silent communings,—
Deep musing on days that were gone.

And soon, in the bonds of dear friendship united,
A warm, sympathetic regard
Grew daily between us, and closer and closer
Our hearts were entwined by its cord.

I asked her one evening to tell me her story,—
The tale of her sorrows and joys;
For I knew that the past had been marked by events,
Concealed from the gaze of the world's keen eyes.

So she said, as a friend, she would give me a warning,
And tell me a tale that was true;
How the hopes of her heart had been blighted and scattered,
And vanished like morning's bright dew!

The small waves of ocean were plashing beside us;
And silent and calm was that hour;
And rich was the deepening crimson of sunset,
Now burnishing rock, tree, and flower.

And here in this region of quiet and beauty,
Away from the dwellings of man,
I sat all profoundness, and silently listen'd,
While thus her sage warning began:—

"O! dream not of beauty! oh! trust not to honor!
O! smile not on strangers, ye gentle and fair!
For bright are the tints that oft shine to deceive you,
And soft are the smiles that oft charm to ensnare.

"When heart soothing hope, with the tones of an angel,
Is shining around you, and clothing in light;
While fondly ye revel in fancy's wild dreamings,
Which tell of no sorrow, no coldness, or blight;

"Then, then are the words that deceive, the most pleasing,
The tongue that is false, and the heart that is mean,
That will talk of pure truth, that will vow to be faithful,
And nought but deception and falsehood within!

"While ye fondly confide in the vows that they utter,
Ye ardent impassioned adorers—beware,—
For the smooth words of flattery, oft breathed to beguile you,
Are transient as bubbles, and fleeting as air!

"Once I, in the days of young hopes bright dominion,
Gave ear to the words of a flattering tongue;
I heard, with a heart full of pride and affection,
The tale that can steal the warm hearts of the young.

"He came—and it seems like a beautiful vision,
Which still to forgetfulness memory denies;
His smile was like light on the breeze-dimpled waters,
When Cynthia walks in the diamond-clad skies.

"Soft were the words that he spoke in low whispers,
Long were the warm declarations he made;
But his vows are all broken, his words were but falsehood,
And hope's airy castle in ruins is laid!

"Should we e'er meet again, O I would not reproach him;
All hushed is the voice of upbraiding within;

No tear have I shed for the loss of a lover;—
I pitied his meanness! I wept for his sin!

"The clouds of the night were rolling away,
The sun in his fiery splendour came,
The morning star shone dimly afar,
And faded before the dazzling flame.

"And many a sparkling crest of snow
Was tipped with crimson and gold,
On the glistening plain were the stars again,
Like gems on the crystalline mould.

"Not a note was heard in the leafless wood,
Now swept by the winter breeze;
But the icicles hung where the flowers once swung,
That wildly bloomed on the forest trees.

"The white moon, changed to a ghostly grey,
With a pale lustre hung in the west;
Not a cloud passed by in the cold blue sky,
And the stormy winds were at rest.

"'Twas Sabbath morn; and I left my home,
And hastened on to the house of prayer,
Where the multitudes raise the song of praise,
Who, with joy, to the gates of Zion repair.

"And many a bright young face I met,
That beamed in the rays of hope's bright sun;
Those in the prime of life's noonday time,
And the aged and feeble one.

"I marked the solemn and thoughtful air
Of those who sought for a home above;
The placid brow, and the lucid eye,
Lit by the beams of heavenly love.

"And the young proud-hearted maiden came,
Who thought of her beautiful self alone;
Whose haughty smile, and noble mien
Would have graced a regal throne.

"The meek and the proud, the wise and the gay,
Were together assembled there;
And loud and deep was the melting strain,
That rose in the house of prayer.

"My eye met the gaze of a stranger youth,
Who had joined in the hymn of another band;
Who had left his home, o'er the world to roam,
Far, far from his native land.

"His eye was mild as the evening star;
His brow was pure as the summer sky,

"And the thoughtful air, that sat solemnly there,
Seemed lent by a spirit on high.

"That night, as I gazed on the glowing west,
My thoughts went back to the varied throng;
And his image was stamped on this innocent heart,
Like the beams of the roseate morn.

"Time rolled on, and the summer came,
And covered the dewy earth with flowers;
The scented gale played soft in the vale,
And blossoms drooped from the leafy bowers.

"Chill'd nature had woke from her dreary sleep,
And her beauties rejoiced in the sun;
And a crimson glow, when his disc was low,
Lit the vale where the streamlet run.

"The gladdened earth seemed to smile again,
And rejoice in the verdure by Flora bequeath'd,
Bright tints were abroad on the gay green sod,
And softly whispering wild winds breathed.

"The green wood rang with the merry din
Of the warbling birds, as they gaily sung;
And skipping away went the lambs at their play:
There was music and gladness on every tongue.

"And the beautiful stranger came and went,
With a smile as sweet as the opening rose;
And he seemed an innocent, guileless youth,
With a mind as pure as the mountain snows.

"They called him "Florence," this gay young blade,
They said he had crossed the waters blue,
And many an eye had fondly gazed
On that brow where the purest lilies grew.

"I wandered forth, on a silent eve,
Where the wild weeds the willows entwine,
To enjoy the repose of the day's still close;—
For care and oppression were mine.

"The sun had sank amid purple clouds;
The stars shone dim in the misty sky;
The cool winds played in the aspen shade,
With its dancing foliage, and rustled by.

"Not a sound was heard in that lonely hour,
Save the sound of some insect's flight;
And the patter of leaves, in the gentle breeze,
As they drank the dews of the quiet night.

"No longer the hum of the wild bee came,
Nor the lowing of flocks, to greet the ear,

"Nor the sea-bird's cry, where the mermaids sigh
Through caverns lone and drear.

"Nor the sounding stroke of the woodman's axe;
Nor the heavy crash of the falling tree;
Nor the warrior's steel; nor the chariot wheel;
Nor the rolling surge of the stormy sea;

"Nor the solemn toll of the sweet church bell;
Nor the swelling strains of the martial band;
Nor the mellow horn, on the breezes borne;
Nor the pleasant voice of man.

"I stood all alone where the zephyr came,
I gazed on the canopy cloud as it passed;
And it veiled the moon, as she faintly shone,
In a luminous mantle of shadowy mist.

"My thoughts went back to the by-gone scenes,
Which lingering memory loves to trace;
The smiles and the tears, the hopes and the fears,
That light, or beclouds youth's eloquent face.

"Though the pleasing visions of youth were mine,
And hope whispered joys for to-morrow;
Yet I knew that this world was a world of pain,
Where the feeling heart is oft chilled by sorrow.

"I thought on the sunny hours of joy,
Far fled, with childhood's dreams, forever;
And there seemed a void in this lonely heart;—
For all that is joined on earth must sever.

"I looked again to the spangled sky,
And the cloud was gone in the azure heaven;
O'er the fairy scene came a smile serene,
To light up the brow of even.

"The meek white walls of our village smiled;
The night breeze warbled a soothing strain;
An angel of love seemed to come from above;
And peace to return to my spirit again.

"I lingered beneath the blooming spray,
With its shining foliage, like drapery o'er me,
And while I sang to the sleeping flowers,
A dark shadow passed before me.

"I scarce had ceased my low toned lay,
When a shrill whistle rang through the air.
I lifted my eyes and calmly gazed,
And a tall, strange form was there.

"With a soft, bewitching smile he approached,—
With a fearless heart I stood,—

And I heard my name, as he breathed it forth,
Like the sigh of the breeze in the mantled wood.

"The pale moon smiled on his golden locks,
As they flowed in the languid air;
And his lily brow, in the wan light, seemed
Like the brow of an angel fair.

"The smile that sat on his chiseled lip
Seemed to tell of a generous soul;
That glossy hair, round a brow so fair,
More beautiful seemed than gold.

"With a wondering gaze, I beheld the youth
Who had crossed my still domain,
And broken the lay, unconsciously poured
On the ear of the night, and her starry train,

"He extended his hand with a brother's warmth;
He smiled with a witching grace;
And I asked his name, as I watched the smile
That played on the stranger's face.

"But the eyes that beamed, and the voice that spoke,
Once known, could ne'er be forgot;
And the tones that had charmed my ear before,
Were low on that lonely spot.

"'I am FLORENCE,' he said, 'and I come this night
To seek for the maid I love;—
I come from a distant land, to bring
Repose to the weary dove.

"'Away in the bowers of my Fatherland,
Where June's bright garlands bloom,
Is the path entwined with the bursting flower,
And the spot this heart calls home.

"'O! come with me to the calm retreat
That awaits us over the sea:
No toil shall be yours, but the gladsome hours
Bring joy as they onward flee.

"'There the silver springs on the green earth play,
And the crystal waters roll;
And the breath of the cinnamon roses bring
Delight to the weary soul.

"'For thee shall the festal board be spread,
And the lighted halls proclaim
A welcome glad to the honored bride
That bears the Florence' name.'

"He told of the hope that inspired his soul,
Of the passion his heart had known,

Of the joy that his lonely spirit would feel,
Were another, as true, but won.

"A bland and a gentle smile was his,—
A resistless power to please;
His words were many, and low, and kind;
And his home was over the seas.

"I laughed when I heard him thus declare
How his heart was for ever mine,
And recked not the tale which the youth had told,
Nor the eyes that seemed divine.

"The moon was high in the spangled vault,
When the earnest tale was done,
And that stately form had bowed good night
To the once desponding one.

"But the parting words, with a sigh, were said,
And the eloquent stranger gone,
And balmy sleep, with her noiseless wing,
Soon weighed my senses down.

"And morn came back, with her gorgeous sun,
From behind the placid sea;
And his rising beams, on the waters cast,
All glorious seemed to me.

"And the wild, enrapturing vision came,
With memory, back to my sight;
And it seemed as an angel had come to earth,
In the lone and shadowy night.

"And I asked my heart, can it thus be so?
Did a phantom spirit glide?
In the dusky shade, where the light scarce fell,
Did viewless beings hide?

"But no, not an angel had left his harp,
Nor a spirit his blest abode;
But a being of earth—a creature of clay,
With stealing footsteps trod.

"When the bloom of the summer flowers was gone,
And her gladsome reign was o'er,
A thousand garlands withering lay,
And their leaves were green no more.

"And the nodding harvest that whitened the plain,
By the hand of Bounty spread,
Was homeward brought, with hearts of joy,
And the land was filled with bread.

"And the Indian summer's smoky sky
Was serene and calm as it e'er had been,

All nature seemed in a still repose,
And heaven to smile on the scene.

"The forests were clad in their robes of brown
And orange, so rich and gay;
And I thought, as I gazed with a pensive mind,
They were bright on their funeral day.

"And peace and plenty made pleasant our homes,
And our country's heart was glad;—
On our sea-girt Isle, with its sunny plains,
'Twere a sin to be gloomy or sad.

"The season of mirth, of the song and the dance,
Came back with the autumn brown,
And the cottagers gathered a jocund group,
And circled the hearth around.

"I went where the merry band had met,
Where the fife and the violin played,
And the dance was trod by the bounding feet
Of many a rustic maid.

"The scene was bright, and the smiles were gay,
And the songs were sweetly sung,
And my heart beat high as I heard the strains,
That, echoing backward, rung

"But a voice was there that led the song,
And a hand that sweetly played,
And an eye that beamed more bright than all,
And a voice that music made.

"'Twas Florence that graced that smiling scene;
'Twas Florence that led the song;
'Twas he that awoke such a melting strain;
That spoke with an angel's tongue.

"I joined with the loud melodious choir
In the high and bursting peal;
And my soul went forth in raptures wild,
Such as free, unbroken spirits feel.

"For my heart was young, and my hopes were high,
And I longed for the future day
When my hand, released from the laborer's toil,
Such heavenly strains might play.

"For my mind went out with a longing wish
For the harp and the musical choir;
And oh! to be freed from the cottager's task,
Was my heart's long cherished desire!

"And now could it be that this pleasing youth
Of the swelling strain, was mine?

Would my brightest dreams be fulfilled ere long,
'Neath the sun of another clime?

"I scarce believed that it could be so,
That such joy was in store for me;
For his praises were loud upon every tongue,—
And another his bride might be.

"But he came to my side with a loving smile,—
We walked where the moonlight fell;
And oh! could the queen of the night but speak,
What a melting tale she might tell!

"And now not a doubt, not a darkening thought,
Came across my enraptured mind,
For I thought he was true, and would ever be so,—
That his heart was noble and kind.

"We pledged our truth by the powers above,
'Neath a radiant starry sky;
And all in this world of light and love,
I beheld in an ecstacy.

"For he was a gay and pleasing youth,—
Talented, handsome, and rich;—
He offered me wealth in a golden store,
And all that my heart could wish.

"And a happy, happy hour was that—
A joyous moment to me,
For mine was a young and a trusting heart,
And true as a heart could be.

"And the future seemed bright, as onward I gazed
Through the veil of coming years,
And hope seemed to smile, and beckon me on,
Where I saw no space for tears.

"The spacious hall, and the curtained room,
With all their luxuries spread;
The harp, and the lute, and a thousand things,
Awakened the hopes once dead.

"But the one great hope of my early years
Exultingly rose to my view;
And my spirits broke forth in a burst of joy,
When I thought that the vision was true.

"'Twas to dip my pen in the poet's font,
Inspired by the muse's fire,
And to pour my lays from the feeling heart,
That longed to strike the lyre.

"And my soul that had long been chained to earth
By the fetters of daily toil,

Would burst from its shackles in ecstasy forth,
And soar from my native soil.

"And oh! for the artist's softest touch,
For the tints of the rainbow's hue,
Till my hand, with a magic power, might trace
The scenes which rose to my view.

"But, the music hushed, and the evening spent,
He bade me a kind good-night;
And my eyes, as they closed, still seemed to behold
The glow of that vision bright.

"I saw him again,—by my own hearth-stone,
Away from the busy crowd, we met;
But his look was sad, and his voice was low,
And his words I can ne'er forget.

"He had come to bid me a long farewell,
For duty had called him away,
Full many a mile from our village haunts,
For many a weary day.

"But he cheered my heart with his words of hope,
And bade me trust, and wait,
With a true, and a fearless heart of faith,
And dread no adverse fate.

"With a heavy heart I saw him go,
But he whispered low, and smil'd;
And long I wept when the youth was gone,
And slowly the hours beguil'd.

"And many a gallant suitor came,
And sought to win my heart;
But a true, and a plighted heart was mine,
Though doomed from him to part.

"And the winter hours, so dull and sad,
Moved on with a lingering pace;
And I sighed each day, with a longing heart,
To behold that beauteous face.

"Not a thought, or a wish, but for him alone,
Engaged my anxious breast;
And fain I hoped that his heart, like mine,
On *one alone* might rest.

"Vain hope! Alas for the trusting heart!
Beguiled, and deluded, so long!
That had placed its affections, in all their depth,
A heartless traitor upon!

"And seaons came rolling round the track
Which other seasons had gone;

But he came not back, with his pleasant smile,
To talk of his sunny home.

"Need I tell of the long, dark, dismal night,
That shadowed my noon-day dreams;
How wholly unheeded, unheard, unseen,
Were all sorrounding things.

"How my wasting energies slowly declined,
How my cheek grew palid and thin,
How my trembling pulse became feeble and weak,
How my eye grew unsteady and dim.

"Till a startling whisper seemed breathed in my ear,
That rallied, and roused me up;
'Twas a noble spirit that seemed to say,
Come, soar on the pinions of hope!

"Cast down such dark thoughts from thy soul;
They become not immortal mind:
Was thy spirit created to grovel in dust,
Unheeding the good of mankind?

"Come, rise superior to earth and its cares;
Contemplate the heavens above;
Mark the stars, as they shine on their glorious path,—
Each tells of a Father of love.

"Come, gaze on creation's bright, beautiful face;
Mark the rich, glowing tints of the bow;
Mark the lightning that flies from the crest of the cloud,
On its own fiery pathway to go.

"Mark all that thine eyeball can scan in its range
From the firmament down to the sod,—
They will tell thee to trust not in poor, puny man,
But to trust in an all-seeing God.

"And my spirit arose from its lethargy up,
From the caves of dark sorrow's domain,
And, scorning in bitterness longer to weep,
I disdained to lament or complain.

"And, casting away earthly thoughts from my mind,
Worldly granduer, and gaudy display,
I sought for a home in that blest spirit-land,
Where joys ever brighten, and pass not away.

"Where their songs shall be new, and their robes shall be white,
Ever new, as eternity rolls:
Unchanging in radiance, and spotlessly white
Are the robes of those purified souls!

"And I asked for what end were we placed in this
world;
To seek our own pleasure, to live as we list?
Ah no! 'tis a higher, more glorious end,—
A nobler purpose than this!

"'Tis to consecrate all that pertains to us now,
Both body, and spirit, and mind,
To the glory, and service, while here we sojourn,
Of the mighty Creator divine.

"And I said in my heart, let me henceforth endeavor
To answer this glorious end:
And whate'er be my *duty*, let that be fulfilled,
And look *up* for a guardian and friend.

"And a calm like the calm of the still summer morn,
And sweet as the sweet summer flowers,
Stole over my heart, and subdued its repinings,
And won me from solitude's hours.

"And after bright seasons had sped them away,
And his memory became like a dream,
I heard how his infamous life had been spent;
Which, to sing, were a sorrowful theme.

"For of crimes a dark catalogue, sable as night,
Too dismal and horrid to tell,
Had checkered his downward and desolate path,
And told us what sorrows befel."

Thus ended the tale of this maiden so gentle;
I add scarce a word or a line;
But I've silently treasured the words of her warning,
And wept as her woes had been mine.

Yet I greatly rejoiced, as I afterward pondered,
For mine was a merciful day;
My Father in heaven, unscathed, had preserved me,
And sent the destroyer away.

And I fervently bless'd my Redeemer, most gracious,
Who made all my footsteps to go
In safety; and shielded my heart from temptation,—
My soul from the arrows of woe.

I prayed that the hearts of my Island's sweet maidens,
That oft had in bitterness mourned,
From the love of a vain, and a perishing world,
Might all, like the waters, be turned,

And be placed upon something of surer foundation—
On something more mighty to save,—

The One Mediator, the One, even Jesus,
Who triumphed o'er death and the grave,

And rose to the throne of His Father in glory,
Where still, with kind love, he looks down
On the faithful, who firm, on the field of the combat,
Contend for the sceptre and crown.

And O when that bridegroom in glory advances,
And, triumphing, rides through the air,
Arise ye, my maidens, and go forth to meet Him,
O gather ye joyfully there.

And then will the pomps of this trifling world,
Like veriest bubbles, appear;
And mountains and isles, like the dust of the balance,
Sink back into nothingness drear.

And the chosen of God, from the chambers of death,
From the clods of the valley set free,
Shall, in ecstasy, lift their glad pinions, and soar
Where their eyes shall their Saviour see.

And a theme will they find for their souls never-dying,
A theme, everlasting and sweet,—
The song the redeemed, and the prophets are hymning,
Where angels and seraphim meet.

TO MRS. W. W. IRVING,

From whom it was the writer's privilege to receive instructions in drawing.

Hail, noble artist! brilliant genius
Is thy most precious dower;
Mementoes, these,* which bid defiance
To time's defacing power.

Fair artist! we would bid thee "onward;"
Pursue thy glorious art,
Till thy loved name be deeply graven
On every gentle heart.

And we are come to-night, sweet lady,
And gather round thee now,
To wreathe a garland—weave a chaplet,
And bind it round thy brow.

Then deem us not, dear friend, obtrusive;
But, from a pupil's hand,
Accept this humble proffered tribute,
By fond affection plann'd.

* The "Monk," "Ecce Homo," "Evangeline," and other celebrated Paintings, executed in 1858.

For we have learned to love thee,
To love thy glorious art;
Thy memory is for ever pictured,
In beauty, on each heart.

These lovely forms of life, arising
Beneath thy graceful hand,
Each after each, are being planted
In many a distant land.

Memorials bright of thy young genius
Are found on many a shore;
And thy sweet flowers shall bloom as freshly,
When thou shalt be no more.

When that bright eye of thine is closing,
And hovering angels come
To watch thy parting hour, triumphant,
And waft thy spirit home;

When thy sweet voice and harp are sounding,
In choral strains, on high,
And thy glad eyes, bright scenes are scanning,
Above the starry sky;

When other forms shall fill the stations,
Which we, full soon, must yield,

These beauteous forms shall still be radiant,
Though we have left the field,

And still live on, in quiet sweetness,
And still their beauty's power
Shall fill the soul, and feast the eye,
For many a future hour.

Sweet emblem of those shining seraphs,
Whose light, the sun, outvies;
Fit semblance of the unfading spirit,
The soul that never dies.

Come, see the meek and lowly Jesus,
With thorns his temples crown'd,
Behold the crimson blood-drops oozing,
And falling to the ground.

That pleading eye, upturned to heaven,
While murderers round Him drew,
Saying meekly, "Father, O forgive them;
They know not what they do."

Behold His agonizing features,
That mute, deep look of pain:
Methinks I hear, all hushed our breathing,
"The Saviour lives again!"

Come, see a Romish devotee,
In priestly robes array'd;
His sable mantle drawn around him,
His cowl upon his head.

His brow is dark with deep repentance;
There's sternness in his eye,
As though he feared some fire of vengeance,
Yet proudly scorned to fly.

See yonder ships, whose spreading canvass,
The rising zephyrs fill,
Or smoothly ride, securely anchored,
In waters clear and still.

Or, where the battle ranks are forming,
When heroes lead them on,
When daring hands, and hearts all fearless,
To battle forth have gone.

Those stirring scenes thy hand has pictured,
As well the gentle rose,
And modest mayflower, meekly springing
From out the April snows.

Say, lady, from what region hast thou,
To this far Island come?

What fairer skies have shone upon thee;
Where is thy native home?

Methinks perhaps 'tis "bonny Scotland,"
That land of peerless worth;
Methinks thy gentle eye first opened
Beside the rolling Forth.

If so, then we still more must love thee,
Though this our native Isle,—
No fairer skies e'er shone above us,
With more benignant smile,—

Yet we have heard of British heroes,
Who noble deeds have done;
And safely say that hearts more valiant
Beat not beneath the sun!

We deem our loved and sainted fathers
A brave, a noble band;
And O, our hearts beat warm for Britain,
Our home, and fatherland!

Then peace be on thy little household,
Thy lovely children three;
Fair sons! may they, when age creeps o'er thee,
A solace be to thee.

That beauteous boy, with golden curls,
And brow, so fair and mild,
We'll say, with heart almost impassioned,
God bless the darling child!

And he, thy kind and noble partner,
With stately form, and tall,
Long may he live, to bless and guard thee,
Whatever else befall.

Be his, with guardian arm. to shield thee,
Thy evening hours to cheer;
Be ours, thy art to learn, and love thee,
As a kind sister dear.

May all that's pure and bright, attend thee,
Thy residue of years;
And may we meet thy gentle spirit,
Beyond this vale of tears.

Charlottetown, December 25, 1858.

THE UNION PIC NIC.

The following lines were written at the request of Mrs. Hayden of Baltimore (wife of the late Capt. Hayden, of the ship "Consul"). The incident through which we became acquainted, was the Union Pic Nic, for the Bedford Schools, in which Capt. and Mrs. Hayden displayed the kindliest interest.

O calmly, sweetly fell the golden light,
That bathed the verdant woods and hills at eve,
As forth I strayed when June's bright sun was low,
And cooling airs revived the heated brow.
The limpid waters softly kissed the rocks
That, round the margin of the basin, form
A rugged belt, and bid its waters stay.
I slowly climbed the rising mound, and turned
My lingering steps to where the willows old,
Wide o'er the even grassy plot, their grand,
Deep shadows cast. 'Twas there, with cordial smile,
With frank and joyous air, that told of heart
Within, attuned to strains of deep, and true,
And tender love, thy winning eye met mine.
And thou wert like a kindred spirit, sent
In sorrow's dark and trying hour, to bid
Its fellow rise on wings of bold and strong

Reanimating faith, above all thoughts
Of empty things of earth. And soul to soul,
In sweet communion joined, the seeds of a
Deep lasting friendship, gently strewn around
Our hearts, took speedy root, and soon the germ
Became a tiny leaf, and then a stalk
That bore a crest of flowers, that evermore
Shall bloom; which o'er the arid waste,
That all around me lay, shed forth a rich
Perfume, and blossomed gloriously fair.
  Again we met;—a joyous band was there,
That sang in strains of rapture sweet, and, with
Loud acclamations, hailed the hour that called
Them forth to meet in union firm and strong.
They sang of home, of love, of liberty,
And, hand in hand, the noble youthful file
Marched on, and loudly rang the loyal hymn,—
"God save our gracious Queen,"—while woods and
hills
Gave back, in sounding echo, full and clear,
The wildly ringing, joyous notes,—the high
And hearty cheer that rose, in tones of wild
Delight.

The little folks gaily enjoyed the repast;
  The seniors smiled, and looked on.

There were dough-nuts, and apples, and crackers; and fast
Had the pourers and waiters to run.

There were coffee and tea—indispensable drinks!
There were lime-juice and raspberry, too;
There were peaches and oranges, temptingly ripe,
And flowers of every describable hue.

There were raisins, and jellies, and berries, and nuts;
There were currants, and salads, and pies,
With pound-cake, and Scotch-cake, and sweetmeats, and all
The rich dainties the city supplies.

There were ham, and good speeches, small beer, and good swings,
Gay damsels, and sprightly young men,
With a sprinkling of "city folks," happy withal
To refresh themselves once and again.

There were music, and hopping, and chatting, and smiles;
There were laughing, and flirting (don't tell!);
There were learning, and pleasure, and friendship combined:
So my dear Mrs. Hayden, farewell!

ON THE DEATH OF CAPT. HAYDEN AND HIS TWO CHILDREN.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. 27: 1.

Weep for a noble form in dust laid low!
Thou mournful lyre, prolong the notes of woe.
Weep for two cherub forms, of beauteous mould,
In death's dark cerements mantled, pale and cold!

Weep for the stricken heart that mourns alone!
List ye the wailing widow's plaintive moan!
O crushed and lacerated heart, be calm,
And taste one drop of sorrow's soothing balm.

O lift thy weeping eyes to Calvary's tree,—
Behold the bleeding Lamb who died for thee;
Whose mighty arm hath glorious victory won;
Whose holy will, in heaven and earth, is done.

Thy righteous Father's hand hath dealt the blow,
And still shall guide thee, wheresoe'er thou go;
His love, thy soul, in His pavilion hide,
And still the surging waves of sorrow's tide.

Though left alone upon a foreign shore,
Where darkly heaving billows round thee roar;
Yet gentle hands the cordial shall supply,
And sympathizing hearts be ever nigh,

To soothe thy wounded spirit's bursting grief,
To thy lone, aching heart to bring relief;
To point thy weary eye to realms on high,
Where thy sweet babes, in bliss, shall never die.

Granville Street,
Halifax, February, 1863.

DO RIGHT.

Did ever monument arise,
Or name exist in song;
Or any heart gain happiness
On earth, by doing wrong?

If we would rise to honor here,
The way to aid our flight,
And bear a name without a stain,
Is simply to do right.

This little maxim, if observed, would save
Poor human nature many a heartfelt pang,
And take the sting from out the heart, with which
Remorse inflicts his keenest, deadliest wound.
Where'er we turn, we meet with sorrow, in
Some shape or form; but happiest they who from
Remorse are free, and, looking back, can smile,
With sweet content, in view of duty done.
Though cares and trials are the lot of all;
Though many foes may oft beset our path;
Though weary days and nights, in sickness spent,
Conspire to make life's burden heavy grow;
Though all our mortal life is but a round
Of constant toil; yet this one thought is balm
For all our woes, soothes all our pain, and makes
Us smile in death—the consciousness that we
Have kept the faith, and, patient to the end,
Endured the cross, determined to DO RIGHT.
A sweet example of the firm and strong
Assurance, that our Father doeth all
Things well, I chanced to meet, and did, well pleased,
Record. 'Twas in that pleasant town, the chief
Of fair Acadia's land, when strolling forth,
One quiet autumn morn, to view the tints
With which the stately trees, that stood in rows
Along the streets, were decked, in beauty bright.

Beside a cottage door, I spied a form
Bent low with age, yet wearing such a smile
As told of mind at peace with God and man.
Her little parlor door she opened wide,
And begged that I would rest me there, and tell
Her whence I came. But she was almost dead,
To sound, yet seemed to love that I should tell
Her of my native Isle. Her home, she said,
Was England old, where she was reared in wealth,
And knew not ought of care, or pain, or toil.
And forth she drew her treasures old, and told
How this, and that, were gifts from lords of high
Degree, and ladies noble, where, in days
Of youth, she dwelt; rare paintings, touched by hands
Well skilled in all the arts refined, and girt
By borders rich and costly, such as grace
The walls of ancient castles, where they hold
Such relics of the past, as sacred things.
She told how she, for love of one her heart
Held dear, had left those ivied castle walls,
And sought the pier where lay a ship, within
Whose sturdy walls they felt secure. And soon,
Upon the western main, woke up to all
The stern realities of life. In time,
Upon the forest-skirted shores of wild
America, they pitched their tent, and sought

The happiness for which they left their much
Loved native land. And happy days were theirs,
Within their homely, peaceful cot. They tilled
The soil, and autumn brought them fruits, and from
Their little flock they took the fleece, and wrought
Them robes, in which to wrap them from the chill
And biting winter blasts. And thus, for five
Short years they dwelt, in love, and joy, and peace;
Nor once looked back, or wished to see the old,
Dim castle walls. Two little daughters graced
That rural home, and made the circle quite
Complete. But, on a darksome winter night,
When storms beat high, and winds roared round the
cot,
That husband late returned from business in
A neighboring town, and sought, with drooping head,
His pleasant home. With joyous glee his two
Sweet babes, with pattering footsteps, ran to meet
Their much loved sire. And soon, in haste, that fond
And faithful wife, with viands choice and good,
Their table spread; but marvelled much that he
Refused to taste the dainty food. He sought
His couch, and laid him down, but not to rest;
For slumber fled, and racking pain, her place
Supplied. Night after night, that anxious wife
Watched o'er her suffering mate, and fondly hoped,

Each morn, to see some change, or better sign
Of health returning, and of wonted rest.
But vainly sought that trusting heart for the
Least token of the rest so much desired.
And dreary was the morn that saw him lie,
Cold in the arms of death! And round that cot
The howling winter wind came wailing up,
And sang a mournful requiem, long and loud,
O'er that, once kind, but now, cold heart! And oh!
That widow's grief! those burning tears! those sobs
So deep! No earthly friend to cling to now!
And, in a foreign land, with orphan babes!
Kind Christian hearts, ye weep to hear the tale!
Nor do I marvel that ye drop a tear,
And ask how those two orphan babes were fed.
That stricken one, through tearful eyes, looked up
To heaven, and asked for strength, and leaned
Upon the arm of Him who said, "If ye
In trouble call on me, I will from all
Your woes deliver you, and make my grace
Sufficient for your utmost need."

And many days of lone, deep sorrow, did
This poor, sad heart endure; and oft, in tears,
Looked up to Him who knoweth well our frail,
And feeble frame, and asked for bread for her
Sweet babes, who grew in beauty rare, until

They reached their maiden prime, and then, with all
Their winning ways, and loving words, consoled
Their parent's heart, until she seemed no more
To bear in mind her days of bitter grief.
  She left the rustic scene where they were born,
And sought the city, where she strove to gain,
By constant industry and care, a home
Wherein to rest, when the infirmities of age
Crept o'er her frame, and dimmed the fire of her
Untiring energies. She fondly thought
Her children dear would cling around her, while
She lived, and soothe, with gentle words, and deeds
Of love, her dying hour. But earthly hopes,
To disappointment doomed, oft leave the heart
More heavy than before it did those hopes
Of lasting bliss indulge. Her eldest child,
When eighteen summer suns had shed their beams
Upon her brow, gave heart and hand to one,
Who, o'er the ocean wave, for many leagues,
His prize of beauty bore. Unwillingly
The mother gave consent; and round the maid,
Arrayed in spotles white, except her cheek,
That flushed with crimson, deeper than the rose,
A little circle formed, and a deep voice,
In solemn tone, those all-momenteous words
Pronounced, that made her his; those words that took

Her from a doating mother's side—from one,
Whose well-tried love had never failed her once,
And gave her up to one who might—yes, might—
But Heaven forbid—who might deceive the warm,
True heart, that ventured on the sea of life,
Rich in its wealth of tender, noble, deep,
Confiding love. A hasty farewell kiss,
A few short words of fervent blessing, and
The weeping mother, from her sobbing child,
Is severed, never more to meet, while rolls
The earth its axis on! And now the last
Remaining tie, that still unites to earth,
That faithful heart, is yet more closely wrapped
Around her soul; and the sweet child, so good,
So fair, so loveable, is now her all
In all. And, as soft slumber's bands that form
Inthrall, she gazes on her angel face,
So pure, so calm, so beautiful, and asks
Of heaven's great Lord, to grant her this request,—
That, when her day of life is done, and she
Has looked her last on all the things of time,
That those sweet hands may be allowed to close
Her eyes! O holy love! O sacred bond!
What passion half so pure, so strong, so true?
Sure angels must look down, in joy, to view,
On this poor guilt-stained earth, such sinless love!

In this sweet bond, the matron, once so tried,
Found full relief from all her cares and griefs.
And well the maiden did that love repay, with pure
Devoted tenderness, in turn. No dark
Cloud marred the brilliant sky that o'er them shed
Its radiant beams. Their lives, that, like the flow
Of crystal streams, meandered on, in calm,
Unruffled peace, reflected but the pure,
Warm sunshine of their placid hearts. But He
Who sees beyond the veil that wraps our dim,
Unsteady sight, had, by his throne, prepared
A place more pure and bright, and bade
Her come. No warning of the change was sent.
That night she laid her down, as she was wont,
Beside her doating parent, who, apart
From her, drank no delight, saw nothing great,
Or grand, save One above. Deep slumber's spell
Was on the mother's brain; no vision dark
Of aught portending ill, disturbed the calm
And gentle reign, with which soft slumber's chain
In sweet, refreshing rest, held her fast bound.
But, suddenly, a fearful horror seized
On every nerve, as a deep groan roused her
From sweet sleep's gentle clasp. Uprising from
Her pillow, quickly as a flash of light,
That, through the lurid summer sky, shoots by

When thunders roll, her eager arms enfold
Her darling child. And oh! the look of deep
And untold agony that pierced, with twice
Ten thousand stings, all tipped with fire, that now
Distracted soul. Fast from the heaving heart,
That animated that young form so fair,
The current of her life came gushing forth,*
And, gurgling in her throat, soon stopped her breath!
In vain the frantic mother shrieked for help!
In vain she called her worshipped darling's name;
And begged her but to speak to her once more!
No word of parting love; no token of
The tender, deep regard that had, till now,
Filled up her cup of bliss. So suddenly
The cord of life had snapped, that all the sad
Heart-rending scene, seemed like a horrid dream!
But morning's golden sun disclosed the pale,
Sweet face, as pure as Parian marble, and
As cold! How placid, now, those features seemed!
As though no care or pain had ever pressed
The heart that now, for ever cold, in death's

* She had broken a blood-vessel, and died in a few moments. The words of the mother were as follow:—"Never, till my dying day, shall I forget the look of horror and agony with which she turned her eyes upon me, as I sprang, like lightning, from my pillow, and raised her in my arms, while the blood gushed from her mouth and nostrils, as large as a spout of water from a tea-kettle, and in a few minutes she was dead."

Deep silence lay. But how shall language paint
That lonely mother's woe? How all night long
She sat beside that cold and lifeless form,
In mute, and stony-eyed despair! At length
The power to weep,—to pray, was given her:
And then, with all the strength of wild, and deep,
And dreadful agony, that long pent storm
Of heart-felt bitterness, aloud, burst forth!
"Oh heaven!" she cried, "my cup is now too full!
Oh! that the grave were opened but for me!
Poor, worthless, broken, withered branch, torn from
Its parent tree, and cast aside, as waste
And useless rubbish, only fit for the
Consuming fire, why should I longer live?
What soul, on earth, will cast one tender thought
On such a poor, lone, aged, abject thing!
Why, righteous Heaven, prolong my wretched days,
To be the object that I am?—by all
Humanity looked coldly down upon,
Inspiring only pity, or disgust!
But, oh! my precious treasure! thou art gone!
Youth, beauty, sweetness, goodness, swept away
In one short moment; and poor, worn, distressed,
Deaf, haggard, and decrepit age is left,
To mourn alone, and linger out a length
Of wretched days!"

But, when her frantic grief
Was spent, and, in low wailings, softly sighed,
She raised her hands to heaven, and implored
Her Father, who had taken home the sweet
Saint, that, in kindness, he had sent to cheer
Her heart, in days of wearing toil, to give
Her strength to bear this final blow. And, in
Her sad and mournful hour of heavy heart
Bereavement, she the consolation drank,
Of sorrow's sweetest balm. And, resting all
Her hopes on Him, who once, on earth, felt all
Our woes, she calmly gazed on that pale face—
On the cold clay, that, once replete with life
And beauty, smiled, in sweetness, on her lot:
And said,—"A gracious God, who once, of His
Good pleasure, gave, now takes again unto
Himself, but what his boundless goodness gave!"
And sorrowing forms bent o'er that pallid face,
And breathed, in saddened tones, their last farewell!
And a long train of mourners slowly took
Their way toward the lonely burial ground,
And, in a shady corner, where the dark
Firs waved their dusky boughs, they laid to rest,
The form, that once had been the joy, the hope,
The pride, of that fond parent's heart. And now,
Resigned and calm, she cast her care upon

The help of Him, who hath all power to save;
And felt her poor, bereaved heart, by his love,
Consoled. And many years were hers to see,
And, in them all, she looked on high, and gave
God thanks; and for her daily bread toiled hard,
And dwelt alone, and ne'er repined; but kept
Her eye fixed on God's word of promise, and,
With patience, waited for her change. With faith,
Looked up, and saw the Lamb upon the throne—
Saw all the company of saints, and heard
Their songs. And, like a shock of corn, she seemed,
With full, and goodly ear, just ready to
Be garnered up. Her life had been but one
Continued act of humble faith, and meek
Submission to the will of Him who all
Her tears preserved, and gave her His good grace
And peace. Though sore bereaved, she turned n
from
The path of duty plain; but firmly trod
That narrow way; and stood, a living proof
Of the pure, sterling, and time-honored truth
Of the good adage, that, "in order to
Be happy we must first be good;" and that
The only way to lead a tranquil life,
And calmly meet the ills of time, and walk

Without a fear, toward the darksome vale
Of death, is, *always to* DO RIGHT!

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

When thirteen years of age, a periodical, the title of which I have forgotten, was put into my hands for perusal; it contained an account of an engagement (when and where, I cannot recall) in which a promising young officer fell, who had, a short time previous to the encounter, been united to the sole object of his affections, who had willingly accompanied him to the seat of war. Shortly after the termination of the conflict, his body was discovered among the slain. His lovely young widow marked his last resting place, watered it daily with the dews of affection; and, at the time the sketch appeared, was supposed to be dying, a victim to the passion of grief.

Child as I was, the impression made on my feelings, by this touching tale, induced me to record it, in simple verse, on a scrap of waste paper, which I chanced, ten years afterwards, to draw, covered with dust and cobwebs, from an old rubbish box.

Deeming the early age at which these lines were written a sufficient apology for any imperfections which may be observable in them, I venture to lay them before my readers, without any alteration of the original copy.

She sits by her casement, all silent and lone;
The cool zephyrs play through her long raven hair;
Her dark eyes are turned to yon wild craggy steep,
For, alas! her young hero lies slumbering there.

No more, at the sound of the bugle for peace,
Will he haste from the red field of war to his love;
For the breezes are blowing, the tall grass is waving
The brave and the true-hearted warrior above.

With the laurels of victory bright on his brow,
While glances of love softly beam from his eye,
No more will he rest in the home of his bride:—
O, alas! that the young and the noble must die!

She had loved him with all the devotion of youth,
Her heart, in its early affection, she gave;
But he left her, in sorrow to mourn and to weep;
And now he lies wrapt in the gloom of the grave.

And he, a young hero of valour and fame,
Was possessed of a noble and generous heart;
He had placed his affections on her from his youth:—
Oh! was it not hard in life's morning to part.

Her cheek is now pallid and trembling her hand;
A tear-drop bedims the rich glance of her eye;

On the breeze, as it fitfully whispers around,
Is borne the soft murmur of many a sigh.

In the silence of night, when the beams of the moon
Gleam sadly and softly upon the cold mound,
Her voice, in low, soft lamentations, is heard:
For her heart by the fetters of sorrow is bound.

In her dark eye there beams a soft, heavenly light; —
To the toils of this world she'll soon bid adieu;
Her cheek is fast fading, and calmly she sinks
To rest by the side of her hero so true.

STANZAS:

Addressed to a kind friend, on leaving Halifax, after a sojourn of four weeks.

Adieu! my dear Jane, for the present;
I'm going, precisely at three,
To Bedford, to meet my dear brother,
Whose love is a solace to me.

I ask you, kind friend, to remember
A maiden, both earnest and true,
Who treasures, within her fond bosom,
A kind recollection of you.

And, O if thy soul, so exalted,
Is all that it seemeth to be,
Thou'lt cherish the heart that would offer
Sweet gratitude's tribute to thee.

Thou'lt scorn not the gentle affection,
Which bindeth my spirit to thine;
And snap not the delicate tendril,
That fain would thy bosom entwine.

But think of me, Jane, as a being
Who dwells in a region of love,
Who seeks for the radiant reflection,
That shines from the temple above.

Who loves what is lovely and gentle,
Who scorns what is cold and untrue;
Who rarely has met with the kindness
She daily discovers in you.

Who came to your dwelling a stranger,
But not as a stranger departs;

Who values the sympathy proffered
By genuine, warm Christian hearts.

Who smiles with the gay, joyous spirit
That bounds, with a fairy-like tread;
And weeps with the soul that, in sorrow,
Sits sighing o'er scenes that are fled.

Then know, my dear Jane, that thy goodness
An impress has stamped on my heart;
And the blessing, called down by the stranger,
Must hallow the spot where thou art!

May peace upon earth be thy portion,
And joy everlasting above,
With the souls of believers made perfect,
Who dwell in that empire of love!

Argyle Street,
Halifax, May 1, 1863.

TO ANTOINETTE.

'There are moments in life that are never forgot,
But brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot;
And shine on the gloom of the loneliest day."

ANON.

We met but once,—at a festal board,
And light were our spirits then;
Thine eye met mine:—to thy murmured word
A sweet response in my heart was stirr'd,
A deep vibration swept its chord:—
But oh! shall we meet again?

There are hours that come—and the aching heart
Forgets, like a dream, its pain—
When a gleam of joy, like the golden sun,
As he calmly sinks, when the day is done,
Illumes our path;—and this was one:—
But, say, shall we meet again?

Will another hour, like the past, be given?
Or seeks my spirit in vain,
To bathe itself in the silver light
That shone around us that starry night,
Then sped to the past, with a joyous flight:—
But, when shall we meet again?

Truro, N. S., February 19, 1863.

LITTLE HEBER.

Sweet sunbeam of beauty, so graciously given,
To light, with thy radiance, the home and the hearth;
Where, with bosoms enraptured, they daily watch o'er thee,
Who hailed, as a boon from high heaven, thy birth.

O saw ye that face when the sunlight was streaming
At morn through the casement, and gilding each brow?
And heard ye that deep benediction, low murmured,
That falls on the ear, with such fervency, now?

'Tis the voice of his *sire*, at the altar of mercy
He asks of Immanuel a gift for his son;—
That the battle of life he may fight like a hero;
And dying, rejoice in the victory won.

The gift he would ask of his God is *true wisdom*
To guide, like a beacon, his tempest-tossed bark,
When storms of adversity rise to o'erwhelm him,—
When night brings no slumber, and days appear dark.

But saw ye, at midnight, that taper's faint glimmer;
And heard ye that whisper, through night-winds so wild?—
A mother her "love-lighted" vigil is keeping,
And bows o'er the form of her suffering child.

For the flush of the fever his fair cheek has crimsoned,
And vainly he turns to each side for repose;
And restlessly tosses his white arms about him,
While blooms, on his face, the deep hue of the rose.

But hark ye the prayer that fond mother is breathing;
O list ye that tender and heart-stirring strain;—
"Thou God of Sabaoth, bow down, in thy mercy!
Restore me, restore me my darling again!"

Kind Father, O grant them that fervent petition;
And spare them their youthful and dearly lov'd son:
May the spell his affection has woven around them,
Unbroken, still bind them for ever in one.

When years shall have crowned him with wisdom and honor,
May Jesus' blest name be his best beloved theme,
And the work which his Heavenly Master assigns him
Be first in the drama of life's troubled dream.

WELCOME! PRINCE OF WALES!

Written during the Prince's visit to Prince Edward Island.

Hail! noble heir to England's regal throne!
Dear Prince, whom Britons proudly call their own!
Hail! youthful scion of a lofty line
Whose brilliant glories round our planet shine!
Great Britain's proudest hearts grow yet more proud
That thou, from all, those acclamations loud,
For thy true virtue, dost so well deserve,
And from the path of honor ne'er didst swerve.
Welcome thy footsteps on our grassy sod,
Where royal feet before have never trod:
Welcome to this, our highly favored Isle;
With honest pride we meet thy gracious smile.
From point remote, from creek, and woody vale,
They guide the prancing steed, or set the sail;
In scarlet, white, and blue, they come! they come!
With mingled shout, and sound of stirring drum;
With eager eye, and lightsome, bounding tread,
With tight laced foot, with geared and gay plumed head,
See maiden, matron, sire, and stripling, run
To greet, with one kind look, Victoria's son!

Beside a grass-green plot the nobles halt,
And sounds of heavenly music shake the vault;
A thousand tender voices swell the strain,—
Ten thousand echoes vibrate back again,—
And up before the throne comes, peal on peal,
A fervent prayer for Albert Edward's weal;
Of Him by whom earth's kings their sceptres bear,
And princes high their noblest honors wear,
On Britain's lovely Queen and matchless crown,
They ask to pour His choicest blessings down;
To guard, to guide, to keep from every ill
That best loved land we call our father's still.
Then England's noblest son, with rapturous eye,
His gentle hand upraises—looks on high—
Takes from his graceful brow the diadem,
And asks kind heaven, in love, to smile on them.
God save our peerless Queen, and bless her son,
A race of glorious honor yet to run.
Yes, youthful prince, to thee, with love, we turn;
Of thee our sons may purest lessons learn.
For virtue, wisdom, and true worth are thine;
Thou goodliest branch of thy long royal line.
When lengthened days thy honored mother call
To cast aside the cares of court and hall,
Her throne, Her crown, Her sceptre to resign,
May all Her present splendor then be thine!

Be thine the work Her skill so well performs;
The graces which thy noble sire adorns
Be centred all in thee to form a whole,—
A Sovereign truly great,—a man of *sovereign* soul!

Charlottetown, August, 1860.

A RECITATION,

Given at an evening party, in "The Old House."

My friends, since you're come to this old habitation,
I hope that this night you've enjoyed recreation;
That your musical powers hadn't too much taxation.
And you all may get home, without any vexation;
Be sure, if you do not indulge in flirtation,
Your hopes will be crowned with realization.
Your musical talents deserve commendation,
I know you possess quite as high reputation
As any young people within the whole nation.
I think the word "fine," in it's true acceptation,
Exactly applies to your organization;
So here, in this cottage, in my estimation,

We can, and we will, free from all ostentation,
And likewise secluded from rude observation,
Assemble, and greet, with kind congratulation,
All kindred in spirit as well as relation.
And you, who indulge in the anticipation
Of pleasures as pure as the crystal libation
That flows from the fountain of fairest formation,—
We promise you feelings of fresh animation,
And joys so celestial, that have derivation
From science that finds in the heart a foundation,
That brings to the spirit a gratification,
And gives to the mind a more pleasing sensation,
And leads it to joys of more lasting duration
Than aught that can call for your consideration,
Or claim, for a moment, a recommendation.
And you'll all realize that most blest expectation
Of gazing on faces with deep admiration,
Whose glances but give you correct information
Of thoughts of which words give but poor explanation.
We'll form, in this cottage, a true combination
Of music, and beauty, and joy, till creation
Contain not another such blooming plantation
Of lilies and roses, of such valuation
That princes might envy the blest situation
Of youths who attend at this grand assignation.
So now, if you really possess penetration,

I think you don't need any more explanation,
But quite understand that our heart's inclination,
At present, goes out for a good constellation
Of beauty and youth; and we'll place no temptation
Before them; but lead them, by sure graduation,
Through musical science, so on in rotation,
While peace, hope, and truth form a sweet complication
Within every heart; while, with high exultation,
We'll sing our sweet anthems of joy and salvation;
And seek, for society, some renovation.
Hold falsehood and slander in deep detestation;
Heed not the tale-bearer, nor hear his relation
Of scandal, but call it misrepresentation.
Let talkers and tatlers make no innovation,
Within the four walls of this old habitation.
Since here we are placed in a state of probation,
Let each one aspire for a high avocation,
Well knowing that ignorance is deep degradation;
And conscience must sting for the least violation
Of duty and law, with just recrimination.
Then claim, from the wise, and the good, approbation;
And foster, and cherish, and love EDUCATION!

A CONTINUATION.

Since my friends have requested a continuation
Of this sort of metrical classification,
I hope, my dear sirs, you will have no occasion
To charge me with any thing like indiscretion,
If, grouping my thoughts, while in calm contemplation,
I give you a rhyme, at your own instigation.
And since you've accepted a friend's invitation
To meet us this evening, for free conversation,
Likewise to attend to the due installation
Of officers fit for the right legislation
Of this our new league to promote reformation,—
And stimulate all to pursue education.
I feel, and I say it without hesitation,
For certain I am 'tis a true affirmation,
That real perseverance and real application
Have gained greater triumphs, and more celebration,
Than aught that has ever called down acclamation,
Or raised a man higher in rank or in station
Than those that flocked round him to hear his oration
Then give me a spirit of *determination*,
That keeps on its way free from all deviation,
And rises superior to every privation.
Then hold up your heads free from all perturbation,

And march on your way without further persuasion,
With purpose of heart that deserves commendation;
So now I must finish this conglomeration,
But not without making an asseveration,
Though you may prefer an abbreviation,
Although, I acknowledge, without affectation,
Your patience, indeed has had lengthy duration.
Then strive ye, with noble and just emulation,
To vie with each other in self-cultivation;
For nothing will do but a sound education!
Though some folks would substitute *confederation*!
And others suggest, as a cure, *annexation*!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE WILD BRIER; OR LAYS BY AN UNTAUGHT MINSTREL. E. N. L. *Geo. Bremner, Excelsior Printing Office.* This is the title page of a very neat volume of poems which has been laid upon our table. They are, we understand, the productions of a Lady—a native of this Island. The versification is pleasing and fluent, and the sentiments breathe a purely moral and religious tone. Love tales, addresses to friends, social greetings, or the staple of the book; and will, we have no doubt, supply very pleasant reading for many a quiet family party. The binding and printing are such as to give the right of entree to the book anywhere, and are very creditable to the publisher, Mr. George Bremner. *From the "Examiner," Monday, Jan.* 29, 1866.

NEW BOOK.—We acknowledge the receipt of a small volume of Poetry, entitled the "WILD BRIER," bearing the initials E. N. L. and from the Printing Office of Mr. George Bremner, Prince Street. It contains, within two hundred neatly printed pages, some forty pieces in blank verse and rhyme. Many of these are reminiscences of friends, others are religious and missionary in character, and two of the longest, occupying fully one third of the whole space, are sentimental, or in common parlance, love tales. The tone is decidedly religious throughout—the muse is generally solemn, if not sad—the versification is pleasant— and the effect always consoling, and at times elevating and stimulating.

We understand that the work is a production of a lady, a native of Cavendish in our Island, and we hope that her efforts, as an author, may prove remunerative. The title is attractive. The descriptive powers of Miss L. are considerable, and we could have wished that she had taken a wider range, and, in keeping with the title, made the vegetable kingdom an object of special attention, as affording peculiar facilities for moralising. The mechanical department reflects the highest credit on Mr. Bremner. *From the "Islander,"*

"The 'Wild Brier' is the name of a neat Volume of nearly 200 pages of Poetry, just issued from the press, by Miss E. N. Lockerby, of Charlottetown. From the slight glance we gave at the Work, we think it reflects great credit upon the young lady. Several of the pieces are the pure spontaneous aspirations of nature, in which are displayed the yearnings of a soul for higher and nobler enjoyments. The story of 'George and Amanda' is particularly interesting. The Work is deserving of public patronage, and we trust that this first effort may be so appreciated, that the authoress will have no cause to regret its publication, either in a moral or pecuniary point of view." *From "Ross's Weekly," Jan.* 18, 1866.

"The volume before us ("Wild Brier") bears evidence of careful composition in all the matured productions, which reflects much credit upon the industry of the talented authoress. The principal poem in the book—"George and Amanda," abounds in passages of power and beauty.

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The story is full of pathos, and is Miss Lockerby's masterpiece.

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Another poem in the book—"An Echo"—has more than ordinary merit. Its tendency is moral and religious.

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We trust this is not the last book we shall have from the pen of this gifted young lady, whom we are proud to claim as a countrywoman. We hail her advent as a new light to our little constellation, possessing, as she does, the true "Promethean fire." *From the "Summerside Progress," Nov.* 5, 1866.

"The "Wild Brier" is the title of a neat little Volume of Poems by E. N. Lockerby, of Charlottetown. We have much pleasure in saying that several of them have the ring of genuine poetry, and all are highly creditable to the genius and the heart of the fair author." *From the St. John "Morning Journal."*

"We have just received a Volume of Poems, the production of a young lady, Miss Lockerby, who is now first introduced to the Literary Public. The "Wild Brier" is a model of excellence, coming as it does from our "tight little island" on the seaboard. The Printing and Binding is neatly if not elegantly done, and the work has been

stereotyped too, and all on the Island. The contents of the volume compare favorably with many of the same class which emanate from the American or Colonial Press. The descriptive powers of Miss L. are considerable, and, if properly cultivated, will bear good fruit. Her versification is pleasant and smooth. The book breathes a spirit of religious quiet and contentment throughout. We cannot do more in the present instance than announce the appearance of this meritorious production, which is really entitled to more extended notice, apart from the fact that anything written in the Lower Provinces, at the present time, when we are probably on the point of being united with them, ought to receive superior consideration and welcome." *From the Montreal "Saturday Reader," Feb.* 24, 1866.

"Miss L. makes no pretention to rank in the empire of poetry; her simple lays are the effusions of a strong and earnest mind, supported by religious breathings, and deserve a more than curosy glance, as well as, the encouragement of native talent. We cheerfully accord to the "Wild Brier," the expressed desire, and wish it a "God speed." *From the "Victoria Express," Aug.* 30, 1866.

"This little Volume gives evidence of considerable talent, portions of the "blank verse" are particularly good, whilst a spirit of morality—indeed we might say of "earnest piety" pervades the whole work. We wish the fair "author" every success; and cordially recommend this little volume to the favourable notice of our readers. Miss Lockerby is, we understand, a native o P. E. Island, which, of course, is an additional claim upon "Colonists," as a colonial author is rather a "*rara avis*," and on that account, ought to be more highly prized."' *From the "Gleanor," Chatham, June* 16, 1866.

"Miss Lockerby will find many purchasers for her book, no doubt, both on account of the intrinsic merits of the work, which are very considerable, and the fact of its being the production of a Provincial lady. It is a remarkable neat volume, its mechanical execution being highly creditable." *From the "Carleton Sentinel," Aug.* 11, 1866.

The "Wild Brier" contains about 200 pages of very interesting matter. There is a wildness and dash in the style which make it attractive to many readers. We wish it every success. "*Fredericton Reporter*," *July* 8, 1866.